

# POEMS.

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B Y

John Cleaveland.

With Additions , never before  
Printed.

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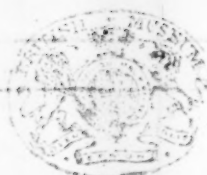


L O N D O N ,

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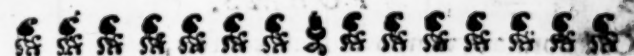
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Ampley, J. H.      mic



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TO THE  
STATE of LOVE,  
OR

*The Senses Festival.*

I Saw a Vision yester-night  
Enough to tempt a *Seekers-sight* :  
I wisht my self a *Shaker* there,  
And her quick pulse my trembling Sphear;  
It was a shee so glittering bright,  
You'd think her soul an *Adamite*,  
A person of so rare a frame,  
Her body might be lin'd with' same,  
Beauties chiefeft Maid of Honour;  
You'd break a Lent with looking on her.

Not the fairest Abbess of the skies  
With all her Nunnery of eyes,  
Can thew me such a glorious prize.  
And yet, because 'tis more renown  
To make a shadow shine, she's brown;  
A brown for which heaven would disband  
The Galaxy, and stars be tann'd,  
Brown by reflection, as her eye;  
Dazels the Summers livery,

Old dormant windows must confess,  
 Her beams their glimmering spectacles;  
 Struck with the plender of her face,  
 Doth' office of a burning-glass.

Now where such radiant lights have shown,  
 No wonder if her cheeks be grown  
 Sun-burnt with lustre of her own.

My sight took pay, but (thank my charms;) )  
 I now empale her in mine arms,  
 (Loves compasses) confining you  
 Good Angels to a compass too.  
 Is not the Universe strait-lac'd,  
 When I can clasp it in the waist?  
 My amorous foulds about these hurl'd,  
 With *Drake* I compass in the World;  
 I hoop the firmament, and make  
 This my embrace the zodiaek.

How would the center take my sence,  
 When admiration doth commence,  
 At the extream circumference!

Now to the melting-kiss that sips  
 The gelley'd Philtre of her lips  
 So sweet there is no tongue can praise't;  
 Till transubstantiate with a taste,  
 Inspir'd like *Muhamet* from above,  
 By th' billing of my heav'nly Dove;  
 Love prints her Signets in her smacks,  
 Those ruddy drops of squeezing wax;  
 Which were soever she imparts,  
 They're Privy Seals to take up hearts.

# POEMS.

Our mouths encountering at the sport,  
 My slippery soul had quit the fort,  
 But that she stopp'd the Sally-port.  
 Next to those sweets her lips dispence  
 As twin-conserves of eloquence,  
 The sweet perfume her breath affords,  
 Incorporating with her words ;  
 No Rosary this votress needs,  
 Her very syllables are beads,  
 No sooner 'twixt those Rubies born,  
 But Jewels are in Ear-rings worn.  
 With what delight our speech doth enter?  
 It is a kiss o' th' second venter.

And I dissolve at what I hear,  
 As if another *Rosamond* were  
 Couch'd in the Labyrinth of my ear  
 Yet that's but a prelude to bliss :  
 Two souls pickering in a kiss.  
 Embraces do but draw the line,  
 'Tis storming that must take her in.  
 When bodies whine, and victorie hovers  
 'Twixt the equall fluttering lovers,  
 This is the game make stakes nxy dear,  
 Hark how the sprightly *Chanticleer*,  
 (That *Biron* Tell clock of the night,)  
 Sounds *Boo-esse* to *Cupid's* Knight.

Then have at all, the pass is got,  
 For coming off, oh name it not:  
 Who would not dy upon the spot?

FUSCARA, or the  
BEE errant.

**N**atures confectioner, the *Bee*,  
 Whose suckets are moist *Alchymie*,  
 The still of his renning Mould,  
 Minting the Garden into gold;  
 Having rifled all the fields  
 Of what dainties *Flora* yields  
 Ambitious now to take Excise  
 Of a more fragrant Paradise,  
 Army *Fuscara's* sleeve arriv'd,  
 Where all delicious sweets are hiv'd,  
 The airy Freebooters distreins  
 First on the Violet of her veins,  
 Whose tincture could it be more pure,  
 His ravenous kifs had made it bluer:  
 Here did he sit and essence quaff,  
 Till her coy pulse had beat him off;  
 That pulse, which he that feels may know  
 Whether the world's long-liv'd or no:  
 The next he preys on his her Palm,  
 That Alm'nier of transpiring Balm;  
 So soft, 'tis air but once remov'd,  
 Tender as if were a gelly glov'd.  
 Here while his carcing drone pipe scanned  
 The Mystick figures of her hand,  
 He tipples *Palmestey*, and dives  
 Que all her fortunes telling lives:

He bathes in blifs and finds no odds  
Betwixt her Nectar and the Gods ;  
He pearches now upon her wrist,  
A proper hawk for such a fist,  
Making that flesh his bill of fare,  
Which hungry Cannibals would spare ;  
Where Lillies in a lovely brown  
Inoculate Carnation :  
Her *Argent* skin with *Or* so stream'd  
As if the milky way were cream'd  
From hence he to the woodbine bends,  
That quivers at her fingers ends,  
That runs divisions on the tree,  
Like a thick branching Pedigree.  
So 'tis not her the Bee devours,  
It is a pretty maze of flowers ;  
It is the Rose that bleeds when he  
Nibbles his nice Phlegomy.  
About her finger he doth cling  
I' th' fashion of a wedding ring,  
And bids his Comrades of the swarm  
Crawl on a bracelet 'bout her arm.  
Thus when the hovering Publican  
Had suck'd the Toll of all her span,  
Turning his draughts with drousy hums,  
As *Danes* catrowse by Kettle Drums,  
It was decreed that posie glean'd,  
The small familiar should be wean'd :  
At this the Errants courage quails,  
Yet aided by his native sails,

The bold *Columbus* still designs  
 To find her undiscovered mines :  
 To th' *Indies* of her arm he flies  
 Fraught both with *East* and *Western* prize ;  
 Which when he had in vain assaid ;  
 Arm'd like a dapper *Lance*-presade,  
 With *Spanish* pike he broach't a pore,  
 And so both made and heal'd the sore :  
 For as in *Gummy* trees there's found,  
 A salve to issue at the wound,  
 Of this her breach the like was true,  
 Hence trickled out a *Balsome* too :  
 But oh ! What *Wasp* was't that could prove  
*Ratiliae* to my *Queen of Love* ?  
 The *King of Bees* now jealous grown,  
 Lest her beams should melt his throne :  
 And finding that his tribute slackt,  
 His *Burgesses* and state of *Wax*  
 Turn'd to an *Hospital*, the *Combs*  
 Build rank and file like beads mens rooms.  
 And what they bleed, but tart and sowre,  
 Matcht with my *Danaes* golden showre,  
 Live-Honey all, the envious elf  
 Stung her, 'cause sweeter than himself.  
 Sweetness and she are so ally'd,  
 The *Bee* committed paricide,

To *Julia* to expedite her promise.

Since 'tis my Doome, Love's under-Shrieve,  
 Why this reprieve;  
 Why doth my she-Advowson fly  
 Incumbency;  
 Panting expectance makes us prove  
 The Anticks of benighted Love,  
 And withered Mates when wedlock joyns,  
 They're *Hymens* Monkeys, which he tyes by th'  
 To play ( alas ) but at rebated Foyns, (loyns,  
 To sell thy self dost thou intend

By Candle end ?

And hold the contract thus in doubt,  
 Lives Taper out ?  
 Think but how soon the Market fails ;  
 Your Sex lives faster than the Males.

As if to measure Age's span  
 The sober *Julian* were th' Account of Man.  
 Whilst you live by the fleet *Gregorian*.  
 Now since you bear a Date so short

Live double for't.

How can thy Fortrefs ever stand  
 If't be not mann'd ?

The Siege so gains upon the Place,  
 Thou'lt find the Trenches in thy face :  
 Pity thy self then, if not me,  
 And hold not out, lest ( like *Ostend* ) thou be  
 Nothing but Rubbish at Delivery.

The

The Candidates of *Peter's* chair  
   must plead gray hair,  
 And use the Simony of a cough  
   to help them off,  
 But when I wo thus old and spent,  
 I'le wed by will and Testament,  
 No, let us love while crisp'd and curl'd  
 Are but gay Furlows for another world,

To-morrow what thou tender'st me,  
   is Legacy;  
 Not one of all these rav'nous hours  
   but the devours,  
 And though thou still recruited be,  
 Like *Pelops* with soft Ivory;  
 Though thou consume but to renew;  
 Yet Love, as Lord doth claim a Herriot due,  
 That's the best qu'ck thing I can find of you.

I feel thou art consenting ripe,  
   by that soft gripe,  
 And those regealing chrystal spears,  
   I hold thy tears  
 Pledges of more distilling sweets,  
 The Bath that ushers in the sheets;  
 Else pious *Julia* (Angel-wife)  
 Moves the *Bethesda* of her trickling eyes  
 To cure the spittle world of maladies.

P O E M S.

THE  
HECATOMB  
TO HIS  
MISTRESSE.

**B**E dumb ye Beggars of the rhiming Trade,  
Geld the loose wits, & let the Muse be plaid  
Charge not the parish with the bastard phrase  
Of Balm, Elixar, both the India's,  
Of Shrine, Saint, sacriledge, and such as these  
Expressions common as their Mistresses.  
Hence ye fantastick Postillers in songs  
My text defeats your Art, ties Natures tongue,  
Scorns all his tinsil'd Metaphers of Pelf,  
Illustrated by nothing but his self.  
As Spiders travel by their bowels spun  
Into a thred, and when the race is run,  
Wind up their journey in a living clew,  
So is it with my Poetry and you.  
From your own Essence must I first untwine,  
Then twist again each Panegyrick line.  
Reach then a soaring quill, that I may write,  
As with a *Jacobs* staffe to take the height,  
Suppose an Angel darting through the air;  
Should there incounter a religious prayer  
Mounting to heaven, that intelligence  
Should for a Sunday-suit thy breath condense  
Into

Into a body. Let me crack a string  
 In venturing higher; were the note I sing  
 Above heavens *Ela*, should I undecline,  
 And with a deep-mouth *Gammal* found agen  
 From pole to pole, I could not reach her worth,  
 Nor finde an Epithite to set it forth.  
 Metals may blazon common beauties; She  
 Makes pearls and planets humble herauld ry.  
 As then a purer substance is defin'd,  
 But by a heap of Negatives combin'd;  
 A & what a spirit is, you'l hear them cry  
 It hath no matter, no mortality:  
 So can I not define how sweet, how fair,  
 Only I say she's not as others are:  
 For what perfection we to others grant,  
 It is her sole perfection to want.  
 All other forms seem in respect of thee:  
 The Almanacks mishap'd Anatomy, (throat;  
 Where *Aries* head and face; *Bull* neck and  
 The *Scorpion* give the secrets; knees, the *Goat*;  
 A brief of limbs foul as those beasts, or are  
 Their name-sak'd signs in their strange cha-  
 As the Philosophers to every sence (racter.  
 Marry it's object, yet with some dispence,  
 And grant them a Polygamy withall,  
 And these their common sensibiles they call:  
 So is't with her who stinted unto none,  
 Unites all Sences in each action  
 The same beam heats, and sights; to see her well  
 Is both to hear and feel; o taste and smell.

For can you want a palate in your eyes  
 When each of hers contains a double prize,  
*Venus's* apple? can the eyes want nose,  
 When from each cheek buds forth a fragrant  
 Or can the sight be deaf if she but speak, (Rose?  
 A well-tun'd face such moving Rhetorick?  
 Doth not each look a flash of light'ning feel,  
 Which spares the bodies sheath, and melts the steel?  
 Thy soul must needs confess, or grant thy sense  
 Corrupted with the objects excellence,  
 Sweet Magick, which can make five senses lie  
 Conjur'd within the circle of an eye!  
 In whom, since all the five are intermixt,  
 Oh now that *Scaliger* would prove his sixt!  
 Thou man of mouth that canst not name a She  
 Unless all nature pay a Subsidie,  
 Whose language is a Tax, whose Muscat verse  
 Voids not but flowers for thy Muses herse.  
 Fitter than *Celia's* looks, who in a trice  
 Canst state the long disputed Paradise:  
 And with Divines hunt with so cold a scent,  
 Can in her bosom find it resident.  
 Now come aloft, come, come, and breath a vein,  
 And give some vent unto thy daring strain,  
 Say the Astrologer, who spells the stars,  
 In that fair Alphabet reads peace and wars,  
 Mistakes his globe, and in her brighter eye  
 Interprets heaven Physiognomy.  
 Call her the Metaphysicks of her Sex,  
 And say she tortures wit, as *Quarant* vex

Phy.

Physicians: call her the *Square* circle, say  
 She is the very rule of *Algebra*:  
 What e're you undertake nor, say't of her,  
 For that's the way to write her Character.  
 Say this and more, and when thou hop'st to raise  
 Thy fancy so, as to inclose her praise:  
 Alas poor *Gotham* with thy Coocko hedge,  
*Hyperboleys* are here but sacriledge.  
 Then rouz up *Muse*, what thou hast reveal'd out,  
 Some comments clear nor, but increase the doubt.  
 She that affords poor Mortals not a glance  
 Of knowledge, but is known by ignorance:  
 She that commits a rape on every sence  
 Whose breath can countermand a pestilence,  
 She that can strike the best invention dead,  
 Till baffled Poetry hangs down her head:  
 She, she it is, she that contrains all bliss,  
 And makes the world, but her Periphrasis.

Upon

## UPON

SIR THOMAS MARTIN

Who subscribed a warrant thus,

*Wee the Knights and Gentlemen of the Com-  
mittee, &c. When there was no  
Knight but himself,*

**H**Ang out a flag, and gather pence a piece  
(Which *Africk* never bred nor swelling  
With stories *Timpany*) a beast so rare (*Greece*  
No *Lectures* wrought cap, nor *Bartholomew* fair  
Can macth him; natures whimsy, one that out-  
*Tredeskin* and his ark of Novelties. (vies  
The *Gog* and *Magog* of prodigious sights,  
With reverence to your eyes, *Sir Thomas Knights*  
But is this Bigamy of titles due?  
Are you *Sir Thomas* and *Sir Martin* too?  
*Ifacar couchant* 'twixt a brace of *Sirs*,  
Thou *Knighthood* in a pair of *Panniers*.  
Thou that look'st wrapt up in thy warlike lea-  
Like *Valentine* & *Orson* bound together. (ther.  
Spurs Representative! thou that art able  
To be a *Voider* to *King Arthur's Table*;  
Who in this sacrilegious mass of all,  
It seems ha's swallowed *Windsors Hospital*.

B

Paira

Pair-royall headed *Cerberus* his Cozen;  
*Hercules* labours were a bakers dozen.  
 Had he but trumpt on thee, whose forked neck  
 Might wel have answered at the Font for *Smeck*  
 But can a Knighthood on a Knighthood lie ?  
 Metall on metall is false Herauldry.  
 And yet the known *Godfrey* of *Bulloin's* coat  
 Shines in exception to the Heraulds vote .  
 Great spirits move not by pedantick laws,  
 Their actions, though eccentric, state the cause  
 And *Priscian* bleeds with honour: *Cesar* thus  
 Subscrib'd two Consuls with one *Julius*  
*Tom* never loaded Squire, scarce Yeoman high;  
 Is *Tom* twice dipt, Knight of a double *Dy*?  
 Fond man ! whose fate is in his name betray'd  
 It is the setting Sun doubles his shade ;  
 But its no matter, for *Amphibious* he  
 May have a Knight hanged, yet Sir *Tom* go free.

On

*On the memory of Mr. Edward King;  
drown'd in the Irish Seas.*

**I** Like not tears in tune, nor do I prize  
His artificial greif who scans his eyes.  
Mine weep down pious beads, but why should I  
Confine them to the Muses Rosary?  
I am no Poet here; my Pen's the spout,  
Where the Rain water of my eyes run out,  
In pity of that Name, whose fate wee see:  
Thus copied out in greifs Hydrography:  
The Muses are not Mair-maids, though upon  
His death the Ocean might turn *Helicon* (ont  
The Sea's too rough for verse; who rhimes up-  
With *Xerxes* strives to fetter the *Helespont*.  
My tears will keep no channel, know no laws  
To guide the streames; but (like the waves their  
cause)

Run with disturbance, till they swallow me  
As a description of his misery.  
But can his spacious virtue finde a grave  
Within th' imposthum'd bubble of a wave?  
Whose learning if we sound, we must confess  
The Sea but shallow, and him bottomless.  
Could not the winds to countermand thy death  
With their whole Card of Lungs redeem thy  
Or some new Island in thy rescue peep (breath?  
To heave thy resurrection from the deep?  
That so the world might see thy safety wrought,  
With no less wonder than thy selfe was thought

The famous *Stagirite*, who in his life  
 Had nature as familiar as his wife,  
 Bequeath'd his Widow to survive with thee,  
 Queen-Dowager of all Philosophy:  
 An ominous Legacy that did portend  
 Thy fate and Predecessours second end:  
 Some have affirm'd, that what on Earth we find,  
 The Sea can parallel in shape and kind:  
 Books, arts and tongues were wanting, but in  
*Neptune* hath got an University. (thee  
 Wee'd dive no more for pearls, the hope to see  
 Thy sacred reliques of mortality.  
 Shall welcome storms, & make the sea-men prize  
 His shipwrack now, more than his merchandize,  
 He shall embrace the waves, and to thy tombe  
 As to a Royaller Exchange shall come.  
 What can we now expect? water and fire;  
 Both elements our ruine do conspire:  
 And that dissolves us which doth us compound  
 One *Vatican* was burnt, another drown'd.  
 We of the Gown our Libraries must tos;  
 To understand the greatness of our loss  
 Be pupils to our grief, and so much grow  
 In learning as our sorrows overflow.  
 When we have fill'd the Rundlers of our eyes,  
 Wee'l issuet forth, and vent such Elegies,  
 As that our tears shall seem the *Irish* Seas  
 We floating islands living *Hebrides*.

## On the same

**T**ell me no more of *Stoicks*: canst thou tell  
 Who'twas, that when the waves began to  
 swell,

The Ship to sink, sad passengers to call,  
 [*Master we perish*] slept secure of all?  
 Remember this, and him that waking kept,  
 A mind as constant as he did that slept  
 Canst thou give credit to his zeal and love,  
 That went to heaven, and to those flames above  
 Wrapt in a fiery Chariot? since I heard  
 Who'twas that on his knees the Vessel steer'd  
 With hands bolt up to heaven, since I see  
 As yet no sign of his mortality;  
 Pardon me, Reader, if I say he's gone  
 The self-same journey in a watry one.

---

Upon an  
HERMAPHRODITE.

Sir, or Madam, chose you whether,  
 Nature twist'd you both together;  
 And makes thy soul two garbs confess,  
 Both pettycoat and breeches dress.  
 Thus we chastise the God of Wine  
 With water that is feminine,  
 Untill the chooler Nymph abate  
 His wrath, and so concorporate  
*Adam* till his rib was lost  
 Had both Sexes thus ingross  
 When providence our Sire did cleave,  
 And out of *Adam* carved *Eve*,  
 Then did man 'bout wedlock treat,  
 To make his body up compleat.  
 Thus Matrimony speaks but *Thee*  
 In a grave solemnity;  
 For man and wife make but one right  
 Canonical *Hermaphrodite*.  
 Ravell thy body, and I finde  
 In every limb a double kinde.  
 Who would not think that head a pair  
 That breeds factions in the hair?  
 One half so churlish in the touch,  
 That rather then endure so much,  
 It would my tender limbs apparel  
 In *Regulus* his nailed barrel:

But

But the other half so small.  
 And so Amorous withall,  
 That *Cupid* thinks each hair doth grow  
 A string of his invis'ble bow.  
 When I look babies in thine eyes,  
 Here *Venus* there *Adonis* lies  
 And though thy beauty be high noon,  
 Thy Orb contains both Sun and Moon :  
 How many melting kisses skip  
 'Twixt thy male and Female lip ?  
 'Twixt thy upper brush of hair  
 And thy nether beards despair ?  
 When thou speak'st, I would not wrong  
 Thy sweetness with a double tongue:  
 But in every single sound  
 A Perfect Dialogue is found?  
 Thy breasts distinguish one another,  
 This is the Sister, that the Brother.  
 When thou joyn'st hands my ear still fancies  
 The Nuptial sound, I *John* take *Frances*:  
 Feel but the difference, soft and rough,  
 This is a gantlet that a Muff:  
 Had fly *Ulysses* at the sack  
 Of *Troy* brought thee his Pedlars pack,  
 And weapons too to know *Achilles*  
 From King *Nichomedes* *Phillis*,  
 His Plot had fail'd; this hand would feel  
 The needle, that the warlike steel.  
 When musick doth thy pace advance,  
 Thy right leg takes thy left to dance,

Nor is't a Galliard danc'd by one,  
 But a mixt dance, though alone:  
 Thus every heteroclite part  
 Changes gender, not the heart.  
 Nay, those which modestly can mean,  
 And dare not speak, are Epicœne;  
 That gamster needs must overcome,  
 That can play both *Tib* and *Tom*.  
 Thus did natures mintage vary;  
 Coyning thee a *Philip* and *Mary*.

---

The Authors

HERMAPHRODITE.

*Made after Mr. Randolph's death, yet inserted into his POEMS:*

**P**RObleme of Sexes! must thou likewise be  
 As disputable in thy pedigree?  
 Thou twins in one, in whom Dame Nature tries  
 To throw Aums ace upon two Dice:  
 Wer't thou serv'd up two in one dish, the rather  
 To split thy *Sir* into a double father  
 True, the worlds scales are even, what the main  
 In one gets place, another quits again.  
 Nature lost one by thee, and therefore must:  
 Slice one in two, to keep her number just:

Plurality

Plurality of livings is thy state  
 And therefore mine must be improprieate:  
 For, since the child is mine, and yet the claim  
 Is intercepted by anothers name;  
 Never did steeple carry double truer,  
 His is the Donative, and mine the Cure.  
 Then say my muse (and without more dispute)  
 Who, 'tis that fame doth super-institute,  
 The *Theban* Wittall when he once descries,  
*Jove* in his rival, falls to sacrifice:  
 That name hath tipt his horns; see on his knees  
 A health to *Hans en Kelder Hercules*  
 Nay sublunary cuckolds are content  
 To entertain their fate with complement;  
 And shal not he be proud, whom *Randolph* daigns  
 To quarter with his Muse both arms and brains;  
 Grammercy Gossip, I rejoyce to see  
 Shee'th got a leap of such a Barbary  
 Talk not of horns, horns are the Poets crest;  
 For since the Muses left their former nest,  
 To found a *Nunnery* in *Randolph's* quill,  
 Cuckold *Parnassus* is a forked hill.

But stay, I've wak't his dust, his Marble stirs,  
 And brings the worms for his combourgators.  
 Can Ghosts have natural sons? say *Og*, is't meet,  
 Pennance bear date, after the winding sheet?  
 Were it a *Phenix* (as the double kind  
 May seem to prove being ther's two combin'd)  
 It would disclaim my right, and that it were  
 The lawful issue of his ashes, swear.

But

But was he dead? did not his soul translate  
 Her self into a shop of lesser rate?  
 Or break up house, like an expensive Lord  
 That gives his purse a fob, and lives at board?  
 Let old *Pithagoras* but play the Pimp, (imp:  
 And still ther's hopes 't may prove his bastard  
 But I'me profane; For grant the world had one  
 With whom he might contra& an union,  
 They two were one, yet like an Eagle spread,  
 I'th' body joyn'd parted in the Head (Chair.

For you my brat, that pose the Porphry  
 Pope *John*, or *Joan*, or whatsoe're you are,  
 You are a Nephew, grieve not at your state,  
 For all the world is illegitimate.  
 Man cannot get a man, unless the Suu  
 Club to the a& of generation.  
 The Sun and man get man, thus *Tom* and I  
 Are the joynt fathers of the Poetry. (mine  
 For since (blest shade) this verse is male, but  
 O'th' weaker Sex, a fancy feminine;  
 Wee'l part the child, & yet commit no slaughter  
 So shall it be thy Son, and yet my daughter

To the H E C T O R S, upon the unfor-  
 tunate death of H. C O M P T O N.

**Y**ou He&tors! tame professors of the Sword!  
 Who in the chair state Duels, whose black  
 word Be.

Bewitches courage, and like devils too (and do.  
Leaves the bewitch'd, when't comes to fight  
Who on your errand our best Spirits send,  
Not to kill Swine or Cows, but man and friend;  
Who are an whole Court Martial in your drink  
And dispute Honour, when you cannot think  
Not orderly, but part out valour, as  
You grow inspir'd by th'Oracle of the Glas:  
Then (like our zeal drunk Presbyters) cry down  
All Law of Kings & God, but what's their own  
Then y'have the gift of fighting, can discern  
Spirits who's fit to act and who to learn,  
Who shall be baffled next, who must be beat,  
Who kill'd, that you may drink, & swear & eat :  
Whilst you applaud those murders wch you teach  
And live upon the wounds your Riots Preach.

Mere booty souls! who bids us fight a prize  
To feast the laughter of our enemies? (gain,  
Who shout, and clap at wounds, count it pure  
Mere providence to hear a *Compton's* slain,  
A name they dearly hate, & justly should (blood  
They lov't'twer wors, their love would taint the  
Blood alwayes true, true as their swords & cause,  
And never vainly lost, till your wilde Laws  
Scandall'd their actions in this person, who  
Truly durst more than you dare think to doe.  
A man made up of graces, every move  
Had entertainment in it and drew Love, (grave  
From all but him who kill'd him, who seeks a  
And fears a Death more shameful than he gave  
Now

Now you dread Hectors! you whom tyrant  
drink,

Drags thrice about the Town; what do you  
(If you be sober) Is it valour? say! (think?

To overcome, and then to run away.

Fie, fie, your lusts and Duels both are one,  
Both are repented of, as soon as done.

### Square Cap:

Come hither *Apollo's* bouncing girl,  
And in a whole *Hippocrene* of Sherry  
Let's drink a round till our brains do whirl,  
Tuning our pipes to make our selves merry,  
A Cambridge Lass, *Venus*-like, born of the  
Of an old half fill'd Jug of barley broth; (froth  
She she's my Mistress, her suiters are many,  
But she'l have a *Square cap* if ere she have any.

(comes

And first, for the Plush sake the *Monmouth cap*

Shaking his head like an empty bottle,

With his new fangled oath by *Jupiters thumbs*,

That to her health he'l begin a pottle:

He tells her that after the death of his Grannam

He shall have God knows what *per annum*

But still she replied, good Sir La-be,

If erer I have a man, *Square-cap* for me

Thin

Thin Calot *Leather-cap* strongly pleads (on;  
 And fain would derive the pedigree of fashi-  
 The *Antipodes* wear their shoes on their heads,  
 And why may not we in their imitation?  
 Oh, how this foot-ball noddle would please,  
 If it were but well toss'd on *S. Thomas* his Lees.  
 But still she repli'd, good Sir La-be,  
 If ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

Next comes the Puritan in a *Wrought-cap*,  
 With a long wasted conscience towards a fi-  
 And making a chappel of ease of her lap, (fter;  
 First he said grace, and then kist her.  
 Beloved, quoth he, thou art my Text,  
 Then falls he to Use and Application next:  
 But then she replied, your Text (Sir) I'll be  
 For then I'me sure you'l ne'r handle me,

But see where *Satten cap* scouts about, (marry  
 And fain would this wench in his fellowship  
 He told her how such a man was not put out,  
 Because his wedding he closely did carry,  
 Hee'l purchase induction by Simony.  
 And offers her mony incumbent to be.  
 But still she replied, good Sir La-be,  
 If ever I have a man, *Square-cap*, for me.

The Lawyer's a Sophister by his *Round cap*,  
 Nor in their fallacies are they divided;  
 The

The one milks the Pocket, the other the tap,  
 And yet this wench he fain would have brided.  
 Come leave these thred-bare Scholars, quoth he  
 And give me livery and seisin of thee; (on,  
 But peace *John a-nokes*, and leave your Orati-  
 For I never will be your Impropriation.  
 I pray you therefore good Sir La-be;  
 For if ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me

---

Upon PHILLIS walking in a Morn-  
 ing before Sun-rising.

**T**He sluggish morn as yet undrest,  
 My *Phillis* brake from out her Fast.  
 As if shee'd made a macth to run  
 With *Venus*, Usher to the Snn.  
 The trees (like Yeomen of her guard,  
 Serving more for pomp then ward,  
 Rank'd on each side with loyall duty,)  
 Wave branches to enclose her beauty.  
 The plants, whose luxury was lopt,  
 Or age with crutches underpropt,  
 Whose wooden carkases are grown  
 To be but coffins of their own.)  
 Revive, and at her general dole  
 Each receives his antient soul.  
 The winged Choristers began  
 To chirp their Matins; and the Fan

Of whistling winds, like Organs, plaid  
 Unto their Voluntaries made  
 The wak'ned earth in odours rise  
 To be her morning Sacrifice  
 The flowers call'd out of their beds,  
 Start and raise up their drowsie heads,  
 And he that for their colour seeks,  
 May find it vauking in her cheeks.  
 Where Roses mix no civil war  
 Between her York and Lancaster.  
 The Marigold, whose Courtiers face,  
 Ecchoes the Sun, and doth unlace  
 Her at his rise, at his full stop  
 Packs and shuts up her gaudy shop  
 Mistakes her kue and doth display;  
 Thus *Phillis* antedates the day.

These Miracles had cramp't the Sun,  
 Who thinking that his Kingdom's won,  
 Powders with light his friz'led locks,  
 To see what Saints his lustre mocks.  
 The trembling leaves through which he plaid,  
 Dapling the walk with light ad shade,  
 (Like lattice-windows) give the spy  
 Room but to peep with half an eye,  
 Left her full Orb his sight should dim,  
 And bid us all good night in him,  
 Till shee would spend a gentel ray.  
 To force us a new-fashion'd day.

But what new fashioned palfie's this,  
 Which makes the boughs divest their bliss?

And

And that they might her footsteps strow  
 Drop their leaves with shivering awe,  
*Phillis* perceives, (and lest her stay  
 Should wed *O&tober* unto May,  
 And as her beauty caus'd a Spring,  
 Devotion might an Autumn bring)  
 Withdrew her beams, yet made no night,  
 But left the Sun her Curate light.

Upon a *MISER* that made a great feast  
*and the next day died for greif:*

**N**Or scapes he so: our dinner was so good,  
 My liquorish Muse cannot but chew the  
 cud,

And what delight she took in th'invitation,  
 Strives to cast o're again in this relation.

After a tedious grace in *Hopkins* rhyme,  
 Not for devotion but to take up time,  
 March'd the train band of dishes, usher'd there  
 To shew there postures, and then as they were.  
 For he invites no teeth, perchance the eye  
 He will afford the lovers gluttony;  
 This is a feast, a Muster, not a fight,  
 Our weapons not for service but for sight,

But are we Tantalized? is all this meat  
 Cooked by a limner for to view, not eat?  
 Th' Astrologers keep such *Houses* when they sup  
 On joynts of *Taurus* or their heavenly Tap.

What

What ever feasts are made are summ'd up here,  
 His table vies not standing with his chear.  
 His Churchings, Christ'nings, in this meal are all,  
 And not transcrib'd, but in th' Original  
 Christmas is no feast moveable; for lo!  
 The s<sup>e</sup> life same dinner was ten years ago;  
 'Twill be immortal, if it longer stay,  
 The gods will eat it for *Ambrosia*.

But stay a while unless my whinyard fail,  
 Or is enchanted, I'll cut of th' entail. (ton,  
*Saint Georg* for *England* then, have at the Mur-  
 When the first cut calls me bloud thirsty glutton  
 What *Ajax* with his anger-quod'd brain,  
 Killing a sheep, thought *Agamemnon* slain,  
 The fiction's now prov'd true; wounding his rost,  
 I lamentably butcher up mine host:  
 Such sympathy is with his meat, my weapon  
 Makes him an Eunuch, when it serves his Capon;  
 Cut a Goose leg, and the poor soul for moan  
 Turns cripple too and after stands on one,

Have you not heard the abominable sporr,  
 A *Lancaster* Grand-Jury will report?  
 The souldier with his *Morglay* watch the Mill,  
 The cats they came to feast, when lusty *Will*  
 Whips off great pusses leg, which by some charm  
 Proves the next day such an old womans arm:  
 'Tis so with him, whose carcase never scapes:  
 But still we slash them in a thousand shapes:  
 Our serving-men, like spaniels range, to spring  
 The fowl when he hath clockt under her whing.

Should be on Widgeon, and on Woodcock feed;  
 It were (*Theyestes* like) on his own breed,  
 To pork he pleads a superstition due,  
 But not a mouth is muzled by the Jew.

Sauces we should have none, had he his wish;  
 The Oranges i'th margent of the dish,  
 He with such Hucksters, tells them o're and o're;  
 Th' *Hesperian* Dragon never watcht them more.

But being eaten, now in despair,  
 Having nought else to do, he falls to pray'r.  
 As though didst once put on the form of Bull,  
 And turn'st thy *Io* to a lovely Mull, (beef  
 Defend my Rump great *Jove*, grant this poor  
 May live to comfort me in all my grief,  
 But no *Amen* was said. See, see! it comes; (drums.  
 Draw Boyes, let trumpets sound, and strike up  
 See, how his blood doth with the gravy swim,  
 And every trencher has a limb of him; (deeper  
 The Venison's now in view, our hounds spend  
 Strange Dear, which in the Pasty hath a keeper  
 Stricter than in a Park, making his guest  
 (As he hath stoln'r alive) to steal it drest!

The scent was hot and we pursuing faster,  
 Than *Ovids* pack of Dogs e're chac'd teeir Ma-  
 A double prey at once may seize upon (ster:  
*Aëon* and his Chase of Venison:

Thus was he torn alive: to vex him worse,  
 Death serves him up now as a second course.

Should we, like *Thracians*, our dead bodies eat,  
 He would have liv'd onely to save his meat.

A young Man to an Old Woman  
Courting him.

**P** Face Beldame Eve, surcease thy soot;  
There's no temptation in such fruit.

No rotten meddlers whilst there be  
Whole Orchards in Virginity!

Thy stock is too much out of date  
For tender plants t' inoculate.

A match with thee, thy bridgroom fears  
Would be thought interest in his years.

Which when compar'd with thine, become  
Odd money to thy Grandam's sum.

Can Wedlock know so great a curse  
As putting husbands out to Nurse?

How Pond and Rivers would mistake,  
And cry new almanacks for our sake?

Time sure hath wheel'd about this year,  
*December meeting Janiv'ers.*

Th' Ægyptians Serpent figures time,  
And stript returns unto his prime.

If my affection thou would'st win,  
First cast thy Hieroglyphick skin.

My modern lips know not (a lack)  
The old Religion of thy smack;

I count that primitive embrace,  
As out of of fashion as thy face.

And yet so long 'tis since thy fall,  
Thy fornication's classicall.

Our sports will differ, thou may'st play  
*Leero* and I *Alphonso* way.

I'm no translatour have no vein  
 To turn a woman young again :  
 Unless you'll grant the Tailors due,  
 To see the fore-bodies be new :  
 I love to wear cloaths that are flush,  
 Not prefacing old rags with plush.  
 Like Aldermen, and Monster-Sheriffs,  
 With canvas backs and velvet sleeves.  
 And just such discords there would be  
 Betwixt the Skeleton and me.

Go study salve and treacle, ply  
 Your tenants leg, or his fore eye ;  
 Thus Matrons purchase credit, thank  
 Six penny-worth of mountebank.  
 Or chew thy cud on some delight  
 Thou takest in thy *Eighty Eight*.  
 Or be but bed-rid once, and then  
 Thou'lt dream thy youthful sins agen ;  
 But if thou needs wilt be my spouse,  
 First hearken and attend my vows.

*When Aetna's fires shall undergo  
 The penance of the Alps in snow :  
 When Sol at one blast of his horn  
 Posts from the Crab to Capricorn :  
 When th' heavens shall shuffle all in one,  
 The Torrid with the frozen Zone ;  
 When all these contradictions meet,  
 Then ( Sybil ) thou and I will greet.*

For all these smiles do hold  
In my young heat, and thy dull cold;  
Then if a Fever be so good  
A Pimp as to inflame thy blood.  
Hymen shall twist thee and thy page,  
The distinct Tropick of mans age.

Well ( Madam Time ) be ever bald,  
I'll not thy Periwig be call'd.  
I'll never be stead of a lover.  
An aged Chronicles new cover.

---

To Mrs. K. T. who aske't him why  
he was Dumb.

**S**Tay should I answer ( Lady ) then  
In vein should be your question.  
Should I be dumb, why then again  
Your asking me would be in vain.  
Silence nor speech ( on either hand )  
Can satisfie this strange demand.  
Yet since your will throws me upon  
This wished contradiction,  
I'll tell you how I did become  
So strangely ( as you hear me ) dumb.

Ask but the chap-fall'n Puritan,  
'Tis zeal that tongue-ties that good man;  
For heat of conscience all men hold,  
Is the only way to catch their cold;

How should loves zealot then forbear  
To be your silenc'd Minister ?

Nay, your Religion which doth grant  
A worship due to you my Saint,  
Yet counts it that devotion wrong  
That does it in the vulgar tongue.  
My ruder words would give offence  
To such an hallow'd excellence :  
As the English dialect would vary.  
The goodness of an *Ave. Mary.*

How can I speak, that twice am chekr,  
By this and that religious Sect ?  
Still dumb, and in your face I spy  
Still cause and still Divinity !  
As soon as blest with your salute,  
Ny manners taught me to be mute ;  
For, least they cancell all the blisse,  
You sign'd with so divine a kisse,  
The lips you seal must needs consent  
Unto the tongues imprisonment.  
My tongue in hold, my voice doth rise  
With a strange *Ela* to my eyes  
Where it gets hail, and in that sence  
Begins a new found eloquence :

Oh ! listen with attentive sight  
To what my prating eyes endite ;  
Or ( Lady ) since its in your choice,  
To give, or to suspend my voice ,  
With the same key set ope the door  
Wherewith you lockt it fast before ;

Kiss once again, and when you thus  
Have doubly been miraculous,  
My muse shall write with hand maids duty,  
The Golden Legend of your beauty.

He, whom his dumbness now confines,  
But means to speak the rest by signs.

A Fair NYMPH scorning a black  
BOY *Courting her.*

*Nymph.* **S**tand off, and let me take the air.  
Why should the smock pursue the  
fair?

*Boy.* My face is smoke, thence may be guess'd  
What flames within have scorch'd my breast.

*Nymph.* The flame of love I cannot view,  
For the dark Lanthorn of thy hue.

*Boy.* And yet this Lanthorn keeps Loves taper,  
Surer than yours thats of white paper.

Whatever midnight hath been here;  
The Moon-shine of your light can clear;

*Nymph.* My Moon of an Eclipse is 'fraid,  
If thou should interpose thy shade.

*Boy.* Yet one thing ( Sweet-heart ) I will ask;  
Buy for me a new false Mask.

*Nymph.* Yes : but my bargan shall be this,  
Ple throw my Mask off when I kiss.

Boy. Our curl'd imbraces shall delight,  
To chequer limbs with black and white;

Nymph. Thy ink, my paper, make me guess  
Our nuptial bed will make a press;  
And in our sports if any came  
They'l read a wanton Epigramme.

Boy. Why should my black thy love impair?  
Let the dark shop commend thy ware;  
Or if thy love from black forbears,  
I'll strive to wash it of with tears.

(needs  
Nymph. Spare fruitless tears, since thou must  
Still wear about the mourning weeds:  
Tears can no more affection win,  
Than wash thy Æthiopian skin.

A Dialogue between two ZEALOTS  
*upon the &c. in the OATH.*

Sir Roger, from a Zealous piece of Freez,  
Rais'd to a Vicar of the Children threes;  
Whose yearly Audit may by strict account,  
To twenty Nobles and his vails amount,  
Fed on the common of the female charity,  
Untill the Scots can bring about their parity,  
So shotten, that his Soul like to himself  
Walks but in *Querpo*: this same Clergy Elf,  
Encountring with a brother of the Cloth,  
Fell presently to cudgels with the Oath.

The

The Quarrel was, a strang mis-shapen Monster  
 &c. ( God bless us ) which they conster  
 The brand upon the Buttock of the beast,  
 The Dragons tail ti'd on a knot, a neast  
 Of young *Apocripa's*, the fashion  
 Of a new mental Relervation.

While *Roger* thus divides the text, the other  
 Winks and expounds, saying, My pious brother  
 Harken with reverence; for the point is nice,  
 I never read on't, but I fasted twice,  
 And so by revelation know it better,  
 Than all the learn'd Idolators o'th' Letter:  
 With that he swell'd, and fell upon the Theam,  
 Like great *Goliab* with his weavers beam:  
 I say to thee, &c. thou li'st,  
 Thou art the curled lock of Antichrist:  
 Rubbish of *Babel*, for who will not say,  
 Tongues were confounded in &c?  
 Who swears, &c. swears more oaths at once,  
 Than *Cerberus* out of his triple sconce:  
 Who views it well, with the same eye beholds.  
 The old half Serpent in his numerous folds.  
 Accurst, &c. thou, for now I scent,  
 What lately the prodigious Oysters meant.  
 Oh *Booker*, *Booker*, how cam'st thou to lack  
 This sign in thy prophetick Almanack?  
 It's the dark Vault, wherein the infernal plot  
 Of Powder against the State was first begot.  
 Peruse the oath and ye shall soon descry it,  
 By all the Father *Garnets* that stand by it;

'Gainst

Gainst whom the Church, whereof I am a Mem-  
 Shall keep another fifth day of *November*. (ber,  
 Yet here's not all I cannot half untrufs  
 &c. it's so abominous.

The *Trojan Nag* was not so fully lin'd !  
 Unrip &c. and you shall find  
 Og the great Commissary, and which is worse,  
 Th' Apparatur upon his skew-bal'd horse.  
 Then ( finally my babe of Grace ) forbear,  
 &c. will be too far to swear ;  
 For ( 'tis to speak in familiar stile )  
 A *York-shire* wea-bit longer than a mile.

Then *Roger* was inspir'd and by Gods-diggers  
 He'll swear in words at large, and not in figures.  
 Now by this drink, which he takes off as loth  
 To leave &c. in his liquid oath :  
 His brother pledg'd him, and that bloody wine  
 He swears shall seal the Synods *Cataline*.  
 So they drunk on, not offring to part  
 Till they had quite sworn out th'eleventh quart:  
 While all that saw and heard them, joyntly pray,  
 They and their tribe were all &c.

## S E M E C T Y M N U U S, Or the C L U B - D I V I N E S.

**S** *Meclymnuus* the Goblin made me start ?  
 th' name of Rabbi *Abraham*, what art ?

*Syriack,*

*Syriack ? or Arabick ? or Welch ? what skilt ?*  
*Ap all the bricklayers that Babel built !*  
 Some Conjuror translate, and let me know it,  
 Till then 'tis fit for a West-Saxon Poet.  
 But do the Brother-hood then play their prizes  
 Like Mummers in Religion with disguises ?  
 Out brave us with a name in Rank and File.  
 A name, which if 'twere train'd would spread a  
 The Saints monopoly, the Zealots cluster, (mile;  
 Which like a Porcupine presents a muster,  
 And shoots his Quills at Bishops and their Sees,  
 A devoute litter of young *Maccabees*,  
 Thus Jack of all trades hath devoutly shown  
 The twelve Apostles on the cherry-stone ;  
 Thus faction's Al- Mode in treasons fashion ;  
 Now we have heresie by Complication,  
 Like to *Don Quixots* Rosary of slaves.  
 Strung on a chain ; a Murnival of knaves.  
 Packt in a trick, like Gypsies when they ride,  
 Or like Colleagues, which sit all on a side :  
 So the vain Satyrists stand all a row ;  
 As hallow teeth upon a Lute-string show.  
 Th' *Italian* Monster pregnant with his Brother,  
 Natures *Dierisis*, half one another,  
 He, with his little sides-man *Lazarus*,  
 Must both give way unto *Smethynnus*.  
 Next *Sturbridg* fair is *Smecks* ; for lo his side  
 Into a fivesold *Lazar's* multipli'd  
 Under each arme there's tuckt a double giffard,  
 Five faces lurk under one single vizard,

The

The Whore of *Babylon*, left these brats behind,  
Heirs of confusion by *Gavel Bind*.

I think *Pythagora's* soul is rambl'd hither.

With all the change of Raiment on together :

*Smec* is her general wardrobe, she'll not dare

To think of him, as of a thorough fare :

He stops the Gossiping Dame alone he is

The purlew of a *Metempsychosis*.

Like a Scotch mark, were the more modest sense  
Checks the loud phrase and shrinks to 13. pence:

Like to an *Ignis fatuus*, whose flame,

Though sometimes tripartite, joyns in the same:

Like to nine Taylors, who if rightly spel'd,

Into one man are monosyllabel'd,

Short-handed zeal in one hath cramped many,

Like to the Decalogue in a single penny.

See, see ! how close the curs hunt under sheet,

As if they spend in quire, and scann'd their feet ;

One Cure and five incumbents leap a truss

The title sure must be litigious !

The Sadduces would raise a question,

Who must be *Smec* at the Resurrection.

Who coop'd them up together were to blame,

Had they but wire-drawn, and spun out their  
name,

'Twould make another Prentices Pition

Against the Bishops and their superstition.

*Robson* and *French* (that count from five to five,

As far as nature fingers did contrive ;

She saw they would be sessors, that's the cause

She cleft her hoof into so many claws. ) May

May tire their carret-bunch, yet n're agree  
To rate *Smeſlymnus* for Pole-mony.

*Caligula*; whose pride was mankind's bail,  
(As who disdain'd to murder by retail,)   
Wishing the world had but one general neck,  
His glutton blade might have found game in  
No eccho can improve the Author more (*Smek*.  
Whose longs pay use on use to half a score.  
No fellow is more letter'd, though the brand  
Both subscribes his shoulder, and his hand.  
Some Welchman were his Godfather, for he  
Wears in his name his Genealogy. (way,

The Banes were ask'd, would but the time give  
Betwixt *Smeſlymnus* and *Et cetera*.

The Guests invited by a friendly summons,  
Should be the Convocation and the Commons

The Priest to tie the Foxes tails together,  
*Mosely*, or *Sancta clara*, choose you wheiher.

See, what an off-spring every one expects!

What strange pluralities of men and sects?

One says he'll get a Vestery, another

Is for a Synod: Bet upon the mother:

Faith! cry *St. George*, let them go to't and stickle

Whether a Conclave or a Conventickle.

Thus might Religions caterwaul and spight

Which uses to devorce might once unite.

But their cross fortunes interdict their trade,

The Groom is Rampant, but the bride dispaidd.

My task is done all my he-Goats are milkt?

So many cards i'th' flock, and yet be bilkt?

I could by letters now untwist the rabble ,  
 Whip *Smec* from Constable, to Constable,  
 But there I leave you to another dressing ,  
 Only kneel down and take your fathers blessing ;  
 May the *Queen Mother* justifie your fears ,  
 And stretch her Patent to your leather ears.

### The mixt-Assembly.

**F**I ea-bitten Synod ! an Assembly brew'd  
 Of Clerks and Elders, *ana*, like the rude  
 Chaos of Presbit'ry, where Lay-men guid  
 With the tame wool-pack Clergy by their side.  
 Who ask the Banes twixt these discolor'd mates  
 A strange Grotosco this, the Church and States  
 Most divine tick-tack in a pie-bald crew ,  
 To serve as table-men of divers hue ,  
 She that conceiv'd an *Æthiopian* heir,  
 By picture, when the Parents both were fair,  
 At sight of you had born a dappled Son,  
 You chequering her imagination,  
 Had *Jabobs* flock but seen you sit, the dams  
 Had brought forth speckled : and ring-streaked  
 Like an Impropiators Motley kind, (lambs.  
 Whose scarlet coat is with a Cassock lin'd.  
 Like the Lay-thief in a canonick weed,  
 Sure of his Clergy e're he did the deed.  
 Like *Royston* crows, who are as ( I may say )  
 Friers of both the orders, *black* and *Grey*,

So mixt they are, one knows not whether's  
 A Lair of *Burgeß*, or a Layre of *Vicar*. (thicker  
 Have they usurp'd what Royal *Judah* had?  
 And now must *Levi* too part stakes with *Gad*?  
 The Scepter and the Crozier are the crutches,  
 Which if not trusted in their pious clutches,  
 Will fail the crippled state. And wer't not pity  
 But both should serve the yard wand of the City,  
 That *Isaack* might stroak his beard, and sit  
 Judge of *eis ads* and *Elegerit*.  
 Oh that they were in chalk and charcoal drawn  
 The Miscelary satyr and the fawn,  
 And all the Adulteries of twisted nature,  
 But faintly represent this ridling feature,  
 Whose members being not tallies they'l not own  
 Their fellows at their resurrection. (story  
 Strange scarlet Doctors these, they'l pass in  
 For sinners half refin'd in purgatory,  
 Or parboild Lobsters where there joyntly rules  
 The fading fables, and the coming goles;  
 The flea that *Falstaf* damn'd; thus lewdly shows  
 Tormented in the flames of *Bardolphs* Nose:  
 Like him that wore the Dialogue of Cloaks,  
 This shoulder *John-a-stile*, that *John-a-nokes*.  
 Like Jews and Christians in a ship together,  
 With an old neck-verse to distinguish either;  
 Like their intended Discipline to boot,  
 Or whatsoe're hath neither head nor foot:  
 Such may their stript-stuff-hangings seem to be  
 Sacriledge matcht with codpiece symony;

Be sick and dream a little, you may then  
Phanſie theſe Linſie-wolfie Veſtry men.

Forbear good *Pembrook*, be not over-daring  
Such company may chance to ſpoil thy ſwaring  
And theſe Drum-Major oaths, of bulk unruly,  
May dwindle to a feeble *by my truly*.

He that the Noble *Piercies* blood inherits,  
Will he ſtrike up a *Hot ſpur* of the ſpirits?  
He'll fright the *Obadiah* out of tune,  
With his uncircumciſed *Algernon*:

A name ſo ſtuborn, 'tis not to be ſcan'd  
By him in *Gaib* with the ſix finger'd hand.

See! they obey the Magick of my words:  
*Presto*, they'r gone, and now the Houſe of Lords  
Looks like the wither'd face of an old hag  
But with three teeth like to a triple gag,

A Jigg, a Jig, and in this antick dance  
*Fielding* and doxy *Marſhall* fiſt advance, (brace  
*Twifs* blows the Scotch pipes, and the loving  
Puts on the traces and treads cinque a pace.

Then *Say* and *Seal* muſt his old hamſtrings ſupple  
And he and rump'd *Palmer* makes a couple.

*Palmer's* a fruitful girle, if he'll unfold her, .

The Midwife may find work about her ſhoulder

*Kimbolton* that rebellious *Boanerges*,  
Muſt be content to ſaddle Doctor *Burges*?

If *Burges* get a clap 'tis nere the worſe,

But the fifth time of his Compurgators

*Nol Bowls* is coy, good ſadneſs cannot dance,

But in obedience to the Ordinance.

Here

Here *Wharton* wheels about, till *Mumping Liddy*  
 Like the full moon, hath made his Lordship giddy  
*Pym* and the *Members* must their giblets levy,  
 T' incounter *Madam Smec* that single Bevy  
 If they do truck together it 'twill not be  
 A Child-birth but a Goal delivery.  
 Thus every *Gibeline* hath got his *Guelph*,  
 But *Selden* he's a Galliard by himself,  
 And well may be, there's more Divines in him  
 Then in all this there Jewish *Sanedrim* :  
 Whose Cannons in the forge shall then bear date  
 When Mules their Cofin Germans generate.  
 Thus *Moses* Law is violated now,  
 The Ox and Ass go yok'd in the same plough  
 Resign thy Coach-box *Twife*, *Brook's* Preacher, he  
 Would sort the beasts with more conformity.  
 Water and earth makes but one Globe a Round-  
 head.  
 Is Clergy-lay, *Parte-per pale* compounded.

### The Kings Disguise.

**A**nd why a Tennant to this vile disguise (eys?  
 Wch who but sees, blasphems thee with his  
 My twins of light within their penthouse shrink,  
 And hold it their Allegiance now to wink.  
 Oh ! for a state distinction to arraign  
*Charles* of high Treason 'gainst my soveraign.  
 What an usurper to his Prince is wont,  
 Cloyster and shave him, he himself hath don't.

D

His

His muffled feature speaks him a recluse  
 His ruins proves him a religious house.  
 The Sun hath mew'd his beams from off his lamp  
 And Majesty defac'd the Royal stamp.  
 It's not enough thy dignities inthrall,  
 But thoult transmute it in thy shape and all?  
 As if thy blacks were of too faint a die,  
 Without the tincture of Tautology.  
 Flay an Ægyptian for his Caslock skin.  
 Spun of his countries darkness, lin't within  
 With Presbyterian budge, that drowlie trance,  
 The Synod fable, foggy ignorance;  
 Nor bodily, nor ghostly Negro could  
 Rough-cast thy figure in a sadder mould:  
 This Privy-chamber of thy shape would be  
 But the Close mourner of thy Royalty:  
 'Twill break the circle of thy Jaylors spell,  
 A pearl within a rugged oysters shell.  
 Heaven, which the Minister of thy Person owns,  
 Will fine thee for Dilapidations;  
 Like to the martyr'd Abbeyes courser doom,  
 Devoutly alter'd to a Pidgeon-room:  
 Or like the Colledge by the Changeling rabble,  
*Manchestors* Elves, transform'd into a stable.  
 Or if there be a prophanation higher,  
 Such is the Sacrilege of thine attire, (one  
 By which th'art half depos'd: thou lookst like  
 Whose looks are under sequestration  
 Whose Renegado form, at the first glance  
 Shews like the self-denying Ordinance;

Angel

Angel of light and darkness too, I doubt,  
 Inspir'd within, and yet possess'd without :  
 Magestic twi-light in the state of grace ,  
 Yet with an excommunicated face.  
*Charls* and his Mask are of a different Mint ;  
 A Psalm of mercy in a miscreant print.  
 The Sun wears mid-night, day is beetle-brow'd :  
 And lightning is in Kelder of a cloud.  
 Oh the accurst Stenography of fate !  
 The Princely Eagle shrunk into a Bat.  
 What charm, what Magick vapor can it be,  
 That thrinks his rayes to this Apostasie ?  
 It is but subtle film of tiffany air ,  
 No cob-web wizzard, such as Ladies wear ;  
 When they are veil'd on purpose to be seen,  
 Doubling their lustre by their vanquish't skreen :  
 Nor a false scabbard of a Princes tough  
 Metal and three pil'd darkness, like the slough  
 Of an imprison'd flame : 'tis *Faux* in grain ,  
 Dark-Lanthorn to our high Meridian  
 Hell belcht the damp the *Warwick Castle* Vote  
 Rang *Britains* Corfeu, so our light went out ,  
 Thy visage is not legible, the letters ,  
 Like a Lords name writ in phantastick fetters :  
 Cloaths were a Switzer might be buried quick ,  
 Sure they will fit the body Po'itick.  
 False beard enough to fit a Stages plot,  
 For that's the ambush of their wit, God wot.  
 Nay all his properties so strange appear,  
 Y're not i'th'presence, though the King be there.

A Libell is his dress, a garb uncouth,  
 Such as the *Hue* and *Cry* once purg'd at mouth,  
 Scribling assassinate, thy lines attest  
 An ear-mark due, Cub of the Blatant beast,  
 Whose wrath before it is syllabled for worse,  
 Is blasphemy unfledg'd, a callow curse.  
 The laplanders, when they would fall a wind,  
 Wasting to hell, bag up thy phrase, and bind  
 It to the barque, which at the voiage end  
 Shifts poop, and breeds the Collick in the fiend.  
 But I'll not dub thee with a glorious Scar,  
 Nor sink thy skuller with a man of War.  
 The black mouth'd *Si-quis*, and the slandering  
 Both do alike in picture execute. (suit,  
 But since w're all call'd Papist, why not date  
 Devotion to the rags thus consecrate?  
 As temples use to have their Porches wrought,  
 With Sphynxes, creatures of an antick draught,  
 And puzling Pourtraictures, to shew that there  
 Riddles inhabited; the like is here.

But pardon Sir, since I presume to be  
 Clerk of this Closet to your Majesty;  
 Me thinks in this your dark mysterious dress,  
 I see the Gospel coucht in parables.  
 At my next view my pur-blind fancy ripes,  
 And shews Religion in its dusky types.  
 Such a Text-royal, so obscure a shade,  
 Was *Solomon* in Proverbs all array'd.  
 Come all the brats of this expounding age;  
 To whom the spirit is in pupillage;

You

You that dam'd more then ever *Sampson* slew,  
 And with his engine the same jaw-bone too:  
 How is't he scapes your inquisition free,  
 Since bound up in the *Bibles* livery?  
 Hence Cabinet-intruders, Pick-locks hence,  
 You that Jewels with your Bristol-sence:  
 And Charesters, like Witches so torment,  
 Till they confess a guilt, though innocent.  
 Keyes for this Coffer you can never get,  
 None but St. *Peter* ope's this Cabinet  
 This Cabinet, whose aspect would benight  
 Critick spectators with redundant light.  
 A Prince most seen, is least; What Scriptures call  
 The Revelation is most mystical.

Mount then thou shadow-royal, and with hast  
 Advance thy morning-Star, *Charls* overcast.  
 May thy strange journey contradictions twist,  
 And force fair weather from a Scottish mist;  
 Heavens Confessor's are pos'd, those star-ey'd  
 To interpret Eclips thus riding stages. (sages  
 Thus *Israel*-like he travels with a cloud,  
 Both as a conduct to him and a shroud.  
 But oh! he goes to *Gibeon*, and renews  
 A league with mouldy bread and clouted shoes.

## The Rebell SCOT.

**H**OW! Providence! and yet a Scottish crew?  
 Then Madam Nature wears black patches  
 too?

What shall our Nation be in bondage thus ;  
 Unto a Land that truckles under us ?  
 Ring the bells backward ; I am all on fire,  
 Not all the buckers in a Country Quire  
 Shall quench my rage. A poet should be fear'd  
 When angry, like a Comets flaming beard  
 And where's the Stoick ? can his wrath appease  
 To see his country sick of *Pims* disease ,  
 By Scotch invasion to be made a prey,  
 To such *Pig Wiggin Mirmydons* as they ? ( quote  
 But that ther's charm in verse , I would not  
 The name of *Scot* without an antidote ,  
 Unless my head were red, that I might brew  
 Invention there, that might be poison too.  
 Were I a drowfie Judge, whose dismal note  
 Disgorgeth halters, as a Juglers throat  
 Doth Ribbands; could I (in Sir Emp'rick's tone)  
 Speak Pills in phrase, and quack destruction,  
 Or roar like *Marshall* that *Geneva* Bull.  
 Hell and damnation a pulpit full :  
 Yet to express a *Scot* to play that prize.  
 Not all those mouth *Granadoes* can suffice,  
 Before a *Scot* can properly be curst,  
 I must ( like *Hocas* ) swallow daggers first.

Come keen *Iambicks* with your Badgers feet ;  
 And Badger-like, bite till your teeth do meet.  
 Help ye tart Satyrists to imp my rage,  
 With all the Scorpions that should whip this age.  
*Scots* are like Witches ; do but whet your pen ,  
 Scratch till the blood come, they'l not hurt you  
 then. Now

Now as the Martyrs were inforc'd to take  
The shapes of beasts like hypocrites at stake,  
I'll bait my *Scot* so, yet not cheat your eyes;  
A *Scot* within a beast is no disguise.

No more let *Ireland* brag, her harmless Nation  
Fosters no venom since the *Scots* Plantation:  
Nor can ours feign'd antiquity maintain;  
Since they came in, *England* hath Wolves again;  
The *Scot* that kept the Tower might have shown  
(Within the grate of his own brest alone)  
The Leopard and the Panther, and ingross  
What all those wild Collegiats had cost  
The honest high-shooes, in their termly fees,  
First to the salvage Lawyre; next to these  
Nature herself doth Scotch-men beasts confess;  
Making their Country such a wilderness:  
A Land that brings in question and suspence  
Gods omni-presence, but that *Charles* come thence  
But that *Montros*s, and *Crawford*s loyal band  
Atton'd their sins, and christ'ned half the Land;  
Nor is it all the Nation hath these spots;  
There is a Church, as well as *Kirk* of *Scots*:  
As in a picture where the squinting paint  
Shews fiends on this side, and on that side Saint.  
He that saw Hell in's melancholly dream,  
And in the twi-light of his fancy's beam  
Scar'd from his sins repented in a fright,  
Had he view'd *Scotland*, had turn'd Profelyte.  
A Land, where one may pray with curst intent;  
O may they never suffer banishment!

Had *Cain* bin *Scot*, *God* would have chang'd his *doe*  
 Not forc't him wander, but confin'd him home.  
 Like *Jews* they spread, and as infection fly,  
 As if the Devil had ubiquity.  
 Hence 'tis they live, at *Rovers* and *desse*  
 This or that place; *Rags* of *Geography*.  
 They'r *Citizens* o'th' world; they'r all in all,  
*Scotland's* a Nation *Epidemicall*.  
 And yet they ramble, not to learn the mode  
 How to be drest or how to lisp abroad;  
 To return knowing in the *spanish* thrug,  
 Or which of the *Dutch States* a double Jug  
 Resembles most, in belly, or in beard;  
 (The Card by which the *Mariners* are steer'd)  
 No, the *Scots* *Errant* fight and fight to eat; (meat  
 Their *Ostrich-stomachs* make their *swords* their  
 Nature with *Scots*, as *Tooth drawers* hath dealt,  
 Who use to hang their teeth upon their belt.  
 Yet wonder not at this their happy choise;  
 The *Serpents* fatal still to *Paradise*.  
 Sure *England* hath the *Hemeroids*, and these  
 On the North posture of the patient seize,  
 Like *Leeches*: thus they *Physically* thirst  
 After our blood, but in the cure shall burst.  
 Let them not think to make us run o'th score,  
 To purchase villinage as once before,  
 When an *AA* pass'd to stroak them on the head,  
 Call them good *Subjects*, buy them *Gingerbread*  
 Nor *Gold* nor *AA's* of grace, 'tis *Steel* must tame  
 The stubborn *Scot*: a *Prince* that would reclaim  
 Rebels

Rebels by yielding, doth like him or ( worse, )  
Who saddled his own back, to shame his horse.

Was it for this you left your leaner soil,  
Thus to lard *Israel* with *Egypt's* spoil?  
They are the Gospels Life-guard: but for them  
The Garrison of new *Jerusalem*! ( cause  
What would the Brethren do? the cause! the  
Sack possets and the fundamental Laws!  
Lord what a goodly thing is want of shirts!  
How a Scotch-stomach, and no meat converts!  
They wanted food, and rayment; so they took  
Religion for their Seamstress, and their Cook.  
Unmask them well; their honours and estate,  
As well as conscience are sophisticate.  
Shrive but their titles, and their money poize,  
A Lard and twenty pounds pronounc'd with noise  
When constru'd, but for a plain Yeo-man go,  
And a good sober two-pence, and well so.  
Hence then you proud Impostors, get you gon,  
You Picts in Gentry and devotion;  
You scandall to a stock of Verse, a race  
Able to bring the Gibbet in disgrace.  
*Hyperbolus* by suffering did traduce  
The Ostracism, and sham'd it out of use.  
The Indian, that Heaven, did forswear,  
Because he heard the Spaniards were there,  
Had he but known what *Scots* in Hell had been,  
He would *Erasmus*-like have hung between:  
My Muse hath done. A voider for the nonce;  
I wrong the Devil should I pick their bones.

That

That dish is his ; for when the *Scots* decease,  
Hell like their Nation, feeds on Barnacles.

A Scot, when from the Gallow-tree got loose,  
Drops into *Styx*, and turns a Scotland-Goose.

## The Scots Apostasie.

**I**S't come to this? what shall the cheeks of fame  
Stretch't, with the breadth of learned *Lowdons*  
name,

Be flag'd again? and that great piece of sence  
As rich in Loyalty as Eloquence,  
Brought to the Test, be found a trick of State?  
Like Chymists tinctures prov'd adulterate;  
The devil sure, such language did atchieve,  
To cheat our unforewarned Grandam *Eve*,  
As this impostor found our, to besot  
Th' experienc'd *English* to believe a *Scot*,  
Who reconcil'd the Covenants doubtful sence,  
The Commons argument, or the Cities pence?  
Or did you doubt persistence in one good  
Would spoil the fabrick of your brotherhood.  
Projected first in such a forge of sin,  
Was fit for the grand devils hammering?  
Or was't ambition that this damned fact  
Should tell the world you know the sins you act?  
The infamy this super-treason brings,  
Blasts more than murders of your *sixty Kings*,  
A crime so black, as being advis'dly done,  
Those hold with these no competition.

*Kings*

*Kings* onely suffered then; in this doth lie  
Th' Affassination of *Monarchy*.

Beyond this sin no one step can be trod.

If not t' attempt deposing of your God.

Oh were you so engag'd, that we might see  
Heavens angry lightning 'bout your ears to flee,  
Till you were shrivel'd to dust & your cold Land  
Parcht to a drought beyond the *Lybian* sand!

But 'tis reserv'd till Heaven Plague you worse:

Be objects of an Epidemick curse.

First, may your brethren, to whose viler ends  
Your power hath bawded, cease to be your  
friends;

And prompted by the dictate of their reason,  
Reproach the *Traitors* though they hug the *Trea*;

And may their jealousies encrease & breed, (sons;

Till they confine your steps beyond the *Tweed*.

In forraign Nations may your loath'd name be

A stigmatizing brand of infamy;

Till forc'd by general hate, you cease to Rome

The world, and for a plague to live at home:

Till you resume your poverty and be

Reduc'd to beg, where none can be so free

To grant; and may your scabby Land be all

Translated to a general Hospital.

Let not the Sun afford one gentle ray,

To give you comfort of a Summers day;

But, as a guerdon for your traiterous war,

Live cherish'd only by the Northern star.

No stranger deign to visit your rude coast,

And be, to all but banisht men, as lost.

And

And such inlightning of the infliction due,  
 Let provok'd Princes send them all to you.  
 Your State a Chaos be, were not the Law,  
 But power, your lives and liberties may awe.  
 No subject 'mongst you keep a quiet brest, (best;  
 But each man strive through blood to be the  
 Till, for those miseries on us you've brought,  
 By your own sword our just revenge be wrought  
 To sum up all——let your Religion be  
 As your *Allegiance*, mask'd hypocrisie:  
 Untill, when *Charls*, shall be compos'd in dust,  
 Perfum'd with *Epethites* of good and just;  
 He sav'd, incens'd heaven may have forgot  
 T' afford one act of mercy to a *Scot*;  
 Unless that *Scot* deny himself, and do  
 (Whats easier far) renounce his *Nation* too.

### Rupertismus.

O That I could but vote my self a Poet!  
 Or had the Legislative Knack to do it!  
 Or like the Doctors militant, could get  
 Dub'd at adventures Verses Banneret!  
 Or had I *Cacus* trick, to make my rimes  
 Their own Antipodes and track the times.  
*Faces about*, sayes the *Remonstrant* spirit,  
*Allegiance* is malignant, *Treason* merit:  
*Huntington* colt that pos'd the sage Recorder,  
 Might be sturgeon now, and pass by Order.

Had

Had I but *Elfings* gift ( that splay-mouth'd brother )

That declares one way, and yet means another ;  
 Could I but write a squint ; then (Sir) long since  
 You had been sung , *A great and glorious Prince* ,

I had observ'd the language of the dayes ;

Blasphem'd you, and then periwig'd the phrase

With humble service, and such other Fustian ,

Bells which rung backward in this great combu-

I had revil'd you and without offence (stion.

*The Literal and Equitable Sence* (do'e

Would make it good : when all fails that will

Sure that distinction cleft the Devils foot.

This were my dialect, would your Highness please

To read me but with Hebrew spectacles ;

Interpret Counter, what is cross rehears'd :

Libels are commendation when revers'd :

Just as an Optique glass contracts the sight

At one end but when turn'd, doth multiply't

But you're enchanted, Sir, you're doubly free

From the great guns, and squibbing Poetry :

Whom neither *Bilbo*, nor invention pierces,

Proof even 'gainst th' artillery of Verses.

Strange! that the Muses cannot wound your Mail;

If not their art, yet let their sex prevail.

At that known Leagure where the bonny *Besses*

Suppli'd the bowstrings with their twisted tresses

Your spels could nere have fensd you ev'ry arrow

Had lanced your noble brest & drunk the marrow;

For beauty like white powder makes no noise;

And yet the silent hypocrit destroys; ) Then

Then use the Nuns of *Helicon* with pity ;  
 Left *Warton* tell his Gossips of the City ,  
 That you kill women too ; nay maids and such  
 The *General* wants *Militia* to touch.  
 Impotent *Essex*, is it not a shame ,  
 Our Common-wealth, like to a *Turkish Dame* ,  
 Should have an *Eunuch* Guardian ? may she be  
 Ravish'd by *Charles*, rather than sav'd by thee.  
 But why my Muse like a Green-sickness Girl,  
 Feed'st thou on coals and dirt ? a gelding Ear  
 Gives no more relish to thy female palat,  
 Than to that Ass did once the thistle fallat ,  
 Then quit the barren theam, and all at once  
 Thou and thy sisters, like bright *Amazons*,  
 Give *Rupert* an alarum. *Rupert* ! one  
 Whose name is wits superfetation :  
 Makes fancy, like eternities round womb,  
 Unite all valour, present, past, to come.  
 He who the old Philosophy controuls ,  
 That voted down plurality of souls :  
 He breaths a grand Committee ; all that were  
 The wonders of their age, constellate here.  
 And as the elder sister, growth and sence  
 (Souls paramount themselves) in man commence  
 But faculty of Reasons Queen, no more  
 Are they to him, who were compleat before,  
 Ingredients of his virtne. Thread the beads  
 Of *Cæsars* acts great *Pompey*, and the *Sweeds* ,  
 And 'tis a bracelet fit for *Ruperts* hand ,  
 By which that vast *Triumvirat* is spand.

Here,

Here, here is *Palmeſtry*; here you may read (bleed.  
 How long the world ſhall live, and when't ſhall  
 What ever man winds up, that *Rupert* hath;  
 For nature rais'd him of the *Publique Faith*,  
*Pandora's* brother to make up whoſe ſtore,  
 The Gods were ſain to run upon the ſcore.  
 Such as the Painters Breve for *Venus* face,  
 Item an eye from *Jane*, a lip from *Grace*.  
 Let *Iſaac* and his Citts flay off the plate  
 That tips their Anglers for the calf of State;  
 Let the zeal-twanging noſe that wants a ridge,  
 Snuffling devoutly, drop his ſilver bridge,  
 Yes, and the goſſip - ſpoon augment the ſum;  
 Although poor *Caleb* loſe his Chriſtendome:  
*Rupert* out weighs that in his ſterling ſelf,  
 Which their ſelf want paies in commuting peſſ.  
 Pardon great Sir, for that ignoble crew (you,  
 Gains, when made bankrupt in the ſcales with  
 As he who in his Character of light  
 Stil'd it *Gods ſhadow* made it far more bright  
 By an Eclipse ſo glorious: light is dim,  
 And a black nothing, when compar'd to him,  
 So 'tis illuſtrious to be *Ruperts* foil.  
 And a juſt trophee to be made his ſpoil.  
 Ple pin my faith on the *Diurnals* ſleeve  
 Hereafter, & the *Guild-Hall* Creed believe (hears  
 The conqueſts which the Common-Council  
 With their wide liſt'ning mouth from the great  
 That ran away in triumph: ſuch a foe (Peers  
 Can make them victors in their overthrow,  
 Where

Where providence and valour meet in one,  
 Courage so poiz'd with circumspection,  
 That he revives the quarrel once again  
 Of the souls throne, whether in heart or brain :  
 And leaves it a drawn match : whose seavor can  
 Hatch him, whom Nature poach'd but half a man.  
 His trumpet like the Angels at the last ,  
 Makes the soul rise by a miraculous blast.  
 T'was the mount *Athos* carv'd in shape of man.  
 ( As 'twas defin'd by th' *Macedonian* )  
 Whose right hand should a populous Land con-  
 The left should be a chanel to the Main (tain :  
 His spirit might informe th' amphibious figure ,  
 Yet straight-lac'd swears for a Dominion bigger :  
 The terror of whose name can out of seven  
 ( Like *Falstaff's* Buckram-men ) make fly eleven,  
 Thus some grow rich by breaking : Vipers thus  
 By being slain, are made more numerous.  
 No wonder they'l confess no loss of men,  
 For *Rupert* knocks them till they gig agen.  
 They fear the giblets of his train, they fear  
 Even his Dog, that four leg'd *Cavalier* :  
 He that devours the scraps which *Lunsford* makes  
 Whose picture feeds upon a child in stakes :  
 Who, name but *Charls*, he comes aloft for him ,  
 But holds up a Malignant leg at *Pym* ;  
 'Gainst whom th'ave several Articles in souse,  
 First that he barks against the sence oth' House ,  
 Resolv'd *Delinquent* ; to the Tower straight,  
 Either to th' Lions, or the Bishops Grate :

Next

Next for his ceremonious wag o'th' tail,  
 But there the sisterhood will be his bail,  
 At least the Countess will, *Lust's Amsterdam*,  
 That lets in all Religions of the Game.  
 Thirdly, he smells intelligence, thats better,  
 And cheaper too than *Pim's*, from his own letter,  
 Who's doubly paid (fortune, or we the blinder)  
 For making plots, and then for Fox the finder;  
 Lastly, he is a Devil without doubt;  
 For when he would lie down, he wheels about;  
 Makes circles and is couchant in a ring,  
 And therefore score up one for conjuring,  
 What canst thou say, thou wretch? O Quarter  
 I'm but an instrument, a mere *S. Arthur* (quarter  
 If I must hang, O let not our fates vary;  
 Whose office 'tis a like to fetch and carry.  
 No hopes of a reprieve the mutinous stir  
 That strung the Jesuit, will dispatch a cur:  
 Were I a Devil, as the Rebell fears,  
 I see the House would try me by my Peers.  
 There *Fowler*, there! ah *Fowler*! 't'is nought,  
 What e're the accusers cry, they'r at a fault;  
 And *Glyn* and *Maynard* have no more to say,  
 Then when the glorious *Strafford* stood at Bay.  
 Thus Labels but annex to him we see,  
 Enjoy a Copyhold of Victory.  
*S. Peters* shadow heal'd; *Rupert* is such  
 'Twould find *S. Peters* work, yet wound as much:  
 He gags their guns, defeats their dire intent,  
 The cannons do but lisp and complement;

Sure *Jove* descended in a leaden shower  
 To get his *Perseus*; hence the fatal power  
 Of shot is strangled: bullets thus alli'd,  
 Fear to commit an Act of Parricide.  
 Go on brave Prince, and make the world confess  
 Thou art the greater world, and that the less;  
 Scatter th' accumulative King, untruss  
 That five-fold fiend, the States *Smectymnus*;  
 Who place Religion in their Vellam ears,  
 As in their Phylacters the Jewes did theirs.  
*England's* a Paradise (and a modest word)  
 Since guarded by a Cherubs flaming sword:  
 Your name can scare an Atheist to his prayers;  
 And cure the Chin-cough better then the Bears.  
 Old *Sibyl* charms the Toth-ach with you: *Nurse*  
 Makes you still children; and the pond'rous curse  
 The clowns salute with, is deriv'd from you,  
 (*Now Rupert take thee, Rogue, how dost thou do!*)  
 In fine, the name of *Rupert* thunders so,  
*Kimbolton's* but a rumbling Wheel-barrow.

---

Epitaph on the Earl of STRAFFORD.

**H**ere lies wise and valiant dust,  
 Huddled up 'twixt fit and just:  
*Strafford*, who was hurried hence  
 'Twixt treason and convenience.

He spent his time here in a mist,  
 A Papist, yet a Calvinist;  
 His Princes's nearest joy and grief:  
 He had, yet wanted, all relief:  
 The Prop and Ruine of the State,  
 The peoples violent love and hate.  
 One in extreams lov'd and abhorr'd ;  
 Riddles lie here, and in a word,  
 Here lies blood, and let it lie  
 Speechles still, and never cry.

Epitaphium *Thoma Comitiss*  
*Straffordii, &c.*

*EXurge Cinis, tuumque, solus qui potis es, scribe Epitaphium;*  
*Nequit Wentworthi non esse faciundus, vel Cinis.*  
*Effare Marmor; & quem cœpisti comprehendere,*  
*Masse & Expressere.*

*Candidius meretur urna, quàm quod rubris*  
*Notatum est literis, Elogium.*

*Atlas Regiminis Monarchici hic jacet lassus;*  
*Secunda Orbis Britannici intelligentia;*

*Rex Politia & Prorex Hibernia;*

*Straffordij, & Virtutum Comes;*

*Mens Jovis, Mercurii ingenium, & lingua Apollinis;*

*Cuj Anglia Hiberniam debuit, seipsam Hibernia;*

*Syden Aquilonicum; quo sub rubicunda vespera occidente;*

*Nox simul & dies visa est; dextroque oculo flevit,*

*Laevoque letata est Anglia.*

*Theatrum Honoris, itemque Scena calamitosa Virtutis,*

*Astoribus, morbo, morte, & invidia,*

*Qua ternis animosa Regnis, non vicit tamen,*

*sed oppressit.*

Sic inclinavit Heros (non minus) Caput  
 Belluæ (vel sic) multorum Caput.  
 Merces furoris Scotici, præter pecunias.  
 Erubuit ut tetigit securis,  
 Similem quippe nunquam degustavit sanguinem.  
 Monstrum narro; fuit tam insensus Legibus,  
 Ut prius legem quam nata foret, violavit;  
 Hunc tamen non sustulit Lex.  
 Verum necessitas, non habens Legem.  
 Abi viator, cætera memorabunt posteri.

### On the Arch-Bishop of CANTERBURY.

**I** Need no Muse to give my passion vent,  
 He brews his tears that studies to lament.  
 Verse Chymically weeps; that pious rain  
 Distill'd with Art, is but the sweat o'th' brain.  
 Who ever sob'd in numbers? can a groan  
 Be quaver'd out by soft division?  
 Tis true, for common formal Elegies,  
 Not *Bushe*'s wells can match a Poets eyes:  
 In wanton water-works hee'l tune his tears  
 From a *Geneva* Jig up to the Sphears.  
 But when he mourns at distance, weeps aloof,  
 Now that the Conduit head is our own roof,  
 Now that the fate is publick, we may call  
 It *Britains* Vespers, *Englands* funeral.  
 Who hath a Pencil to expresse the Saint,  
 But he hath eyes too, washing of the paint?

There

There is no learning, but what tears surround,  
 Like to *Seths* pillars in the deluge drown'd.  
 There is no Church, Religion is grown  
 From much of late, that she's increas'd to none.  
 Like an Hydropick body full of Rheumes,  
 First swells into a bubble, then consumes.  
 The Law is dead, or cast into a trance,  
 And by a Law dough-bak d, an Ordinance.  
 The *Liturgie*, whose doom was voted next,  
 Dy'd as a Comment upon him the Text.  
 There's nothing lives: life is, since he is gone,  
 But a Nocturnal Lucubration.  
 Thus have you seen deaths Inventory read;  
 In the sum total—*Canterburie's* dead.  
 A sight would make a Pagan to baptize  
 Himself, a Convert in his bleeding eyes  
 Would thaw the rabble, that fierce beast of ours  
 (That which *Hyena* like weeps and devours)  
 Tears that flow brackish from their souls within,  
 Not to repent, but pickle up their sin.  
 Mean time no squalid grief his look defiles,  
 He guilds his sadder fate with noble smiles:  
 Thus the worlds eye with reconciled streams  
 Shines in his showers, as if he wept his beams.  
 How could success such villanies applaud?  
 The State in *Strafford* fell, the Church in *Land*;  
 The twins of publick rage adjudg'd to die,  
 For treasons they should act by Prophecy.  
 The facts were done before the Laws were made,  
 The Trump turn'd up after the Game was plaid;

Be dull, great spirits, and forbear to climb,  
 For worth is sin, and eminence a crime.  
 No Church-man can be innocent and high,  
 'Tis height makes *Grantham* steeple stand awry.

---

On *J. W. A. B. of York.*

SAY, my young Sophister, what thinkst of this?  
*Chimera's* real, *Ergo falleris.*

The Lamb and Tyger, Fox and Goose agree,  
 And here con corporate in one Prodigie.

Call an *Haruspex* quickly: let him get  
 Sulphur and Torches, and a Lawrel wet  
 To purifie the place, for sure the harms  
 This Monster will produce, transcend his charms  
 'Tis Natures Master-piece of Error, this,  
 And redeems whatever she did amiss  
 Before, from wonder and reproach; this last  
 Legitimateth all her by-blows past.

Low here a general Metropolitan,  
 An Arch-prelatick Presbyterian;  
 Behold his pious garb, Canonick face,  
 A zealous *Episcopo-Mastix* Grace; (brother,  
 A fair Blew-apron'd Priest, a Lawn-fleev'd  
 One leg a Pulpit holds, a tub the other.  
 Let's give him a fit name now, if we can,  
 And make th' Apostate once more Christian.  
*Proteus* we cannot call him; he put on  
 His change of shapes by a succession;

Nor

Nor the *Welch Weather-cock*; for that we find,  
At once doth onely wait upon the wind :  
These speak him not, but if you'l name him right,  
Call him *Religious Hermaphrodite*.  
His head i'th sanctified mould is cast,  
Yet sticks th'abominable Miter fast;  
He still retains the *Lordship* and the *Grace*,  
And yet hath got a reverend Elders place,  
Such acts must needs be his, who did devise  
By crying altars down to sacrifice  
To private malice ; where you might have seen  
His conscience holocausted to his spleen.  
Unhappy Church ! the Viper that did share  
Thy greatest honours, helps to make thee bare,  
And void of all thy dignities and store ;  
Alas ! thine own son proves the forrest bore :  
And like the Dam-destroying Cuccow he,  
When the thick shell of his Welch pedigree,  
By thy warm soft'ring bounty did divide :  
And open, straight thence sprung forth parricide  
As if 'twas just revenge should be dispatcht  
In thee, by th' Monster which thy self hadst hatcht.  
Dispair not though, in *Wales* there may be got,  
As well as *Lincolnshire* an-antidote, (head  
'Gainst the foul'st venome he can spit, though's  
Were chang'd from subtle gray to poy's'nous red  
Heaven with propitious eyes will look upon  
Our party, now the cursed thing is gon ;  
And chastise Rebels, who nought else did miss  
To fill the measure of their sins, but his ;

Whose soul unparallel'd apostasie;  
 Like to his sacred character shall be  
 Indelible, when ages then of late  
 More happy grown with most impartial fate,  
 A period to his dayes and times shall give,  
 He by such Epitaphs as this shall live!

*Here Yorks great Metropolitan is laid,  
 Who Gods Annointed and his Church betraid.*

---

*Mark Anthony.*

**V**Vhen as the Nightingale chanted her  
 Vespers,  
 And the wild Forrester couch'd on the ground,  
*Venus* invited me in the evening whispers,  
 Unto a fragrant field with Roses crown'd;  
 Where she before had sent,  
 My wishes complement,  
 Unto my hearts content,  
 Plaid with me on the green;  
 Never Mark Anthony  
 Dallied more wantonly  
 With the fair Egyptian Queen.

First on her cherry cheeks I mine eyes feasted,  
 Thence fear of surfeiting made me retire:

Next

Next on her warmer lips, which when I tasted,  
 My duller spirits made active as fire ;  
 Than we began to dart  
 Each at anothers heart,  
 Arrowes that knew no smart :  
 Sweet lips and smiles between,  
 Never Mark &c.

Wanting a glass to plate her amber tresses,  
 Which like a bracelet rich decked my arm,  
 Gawdier than *Juno* wears, when as she graces  
*Jove* with embraces more stately than warm.  
 Then did she peep in mine  
 Eyes humour Chrystaline;  
 In her eyes was seen,  
 As if we one had been,  
 Never Mark &c.

Mystical Grammar of amorous glances,  
 Feeling of Pulses the Physick of Love,  
 Rhetorical courtings and Musical dances,  
 Numbring of kisses Arithmetick Prove,  
 Eyes like Astronomy,  
 Streight limb'd Geometrie :  
 In her hearts ingeny  
 Our wits are sharp and keen.  
 Never Mark Anthony  
 Dallied more wantonly  
 With the fair Egyptian Queen.

The Authours Mock-Song to  
*Mark Anthony.*

**W**hen as the *Night-raven* sung *Pluto's*  
*Mattins*:

And *Cerberus* cried three Amens at an howl:  
When night-wandering Witches put on their pat-  
Mid-night as dark as their faces are foul: (tins,  
Then did the furies doom  
That the Night-mare was come;  
Such a mis-shapen Groom  
Puts down *Su. Pomfret* clean.  
Never did *Incubus*  
Touch such a filthy *Sus*,  
As this foul Gypsie Quean.

First on her Goosberry cheeks I mine eyes blast-  
Thence fear of vomiting made me retire; (ed,  
Unto her blewer lips, which when I tasted,  
My spirits were duller than Dun in the mire.  
But then her breath took place,  
Which went an *Vishers* pace,  
And made way for her face;  
You may guess what I mean.  
Never did *Incubus*  
Touch such a filthy *Sus*,  
As this foul Gypsie Quean.

Like Snakes ingendring were platted her tresses;  
Or like slimy streaks of ropy Ale;

Uglier than Envy wears, when she confesses  
Her head is Periwig'd with Adders tail.

But as soon as she spake,  
I heard a harsh Mandrake:  
Laugh not at my mistake,  
Her head is Epicene.  
Never did, &c.

Mystical Magick of conjuring wrinckles,  
Feeling of pulses, the Palmestry of Hags,  
Scolding out beiches for Rhetorick, twinkles  
With three teeth in her head like to three gags:  
Rainbows about her Eyes,  
And her nose weatherwise:  
From them th' Almanack lies  
*Frost, Pond, and Rivers* clean.  
Never did, &c.

How the *Commencement* grows  
new.

**I**T is no *Curranto* news I undertake, (make  
New teacher of the town, I mean not to  
No *New-England* voyage my Muse does intend,  
No new fleet, no bold fleet, nor bony fleet send:  
But if you'll be pleas'd to hear but this dictry,  
I'll tell you some news as true and as witty:  
*And how the Commencement grows new.*

See

See how the Symony Doctors abound,  
 All crowding to throw away fourty pound;  
 (vapour,  
 They'l now in their wives stammel Petticoats  
 Without any need of an Argument draper,  
 Beholding to none, he neither beseeches  
 This friend for Ven'son, nor t'other for speeches,  
*And so the Commencement grows new.*

Every twice aday teaching Gaffer  
 Brings up his Easter book to chaffer,  
 Nay some take degrees, who never had steeple ;'  
 (people  
 Whose means like degrees, comes from places of  
 They come to the Fair, and at the first pluck  
 The Toll-man *Barnaby* strikes 'um good luck.  
*And so &c.*

The Countrey Parsons they do not come up  
 On Tuesday night in their old Colledg to sup,  
 Their bellies and Table-books equally full,  
 Their next lecture dinner their notes forth to pull;  
 How bravely the *Marget* professor disputed,  
 The Homilies urg'd, and the Schoolmen confuted!  
*And so &c.*

The Inceptor brings not his father, the clown,  
 To look with his mouth at his Grogoram gown,  
 With like admiration to eat roasted bief,  
 Which invention pos'd him beyond Trent belief  
 Who should he but hear our Organs once sound,  
 Could scarce keep his hoof from Salengers round,  
*And so &c.* The

The Gentleman comes not to shew us his faddin,  
To look with some judgment at him that speaks  
Latin,

To be angry with him that makes not his cloaths,  
To answer, O Lord Sir, and take play-book oaths  
And at the next Bear-baiting (full of his sack)  
To tell his Comrades our Discipline's slack,  
*And so &c.*

We have no Prevaricators wit,  
Ay marry Sir, when have you had any yet?  
Besides no serious Oxford man comes,  
To cry down the use of jesting and Hums.  
Our ballad, believe't, is no stranger than true,  
*Mun Salter* is sober, and *Jack Martin* too,  
*And so the Commencement grows new.*

---

### The Hue and Cry after Sir *John Presbyter.*

**W**ith hair in Characters, and Lugs in Text;  
With a splay mouth, & a nose circumflect  
With a set ruffe or Musket bore, that wears  
Like Cartrages, or Linnen bandileers,  
Exhausted of their sulphurous contents,  
In Pulpit fire-works, which that Bombal vents,  
The Negative and Covenanting Oath,  
Like two Mustachoes, issuing from his mouth:

*The*

The bush upon his chin (like a carv'd story,  
 In a box knot) cut by the *Directory*:  
 Madams Confession hanging at his ear, (*Where*:  
 Wire drawn through all the questions, *How* and  
 Each circumstance so in the hearing felt, (*gelt*;  
 That when his ears are cropt, hee'l count them  
 The weeping Cassock scar'd into a Jump,  
 A sign the *Presbyter's* worn to the stump:  
 The *Presbyter* though charm'd against mischance  
 With the *Divine* right of an *Ordinance*.

*If you meet any that do thus attire'um,  
 Stop them, they are the Tribe of Adoniram.*

What zealous frenzie did the *Senate* seize,  
 To tear the *Rochet* to such rags as these?  
*Episcopacy* minc'd, reforming *Tweed*  
 Hath sent us *Runts*, even of her Churches breed;  
 Lay-interlining *Clergy*, a device *Lice*,  
 That's nick-name to the stuff call'd *Lops* and  
 The beast at wrong end branded, you may trace  
 The Devil's footsteps in his cloven face.  
 A face of several parishes and sorts,  
 Like to a Sergeant shav'd at Inn's of Courts.  
 What mean these Elders else, those Kirk-Dra-  
 Made up of *Ears* & *Ruffs* like *Ducatoons*; (goons  
 That *Hierarchy* of *Handicrafts* begun,  
 Those new *Exchange-men* of Religion? (out  
 Sure they'r the *Antickheads*, which plac'd with-  
 The Church, do gape, and disembugue a spout:  
 Like them above the *Commons house* have been  
 So long without, now both are gotten in;

Then

Then, what imperious in the Bishop sounds,  
The same the Scots Executor rebounds.

This stating Prelacy, the Classick rout,  
That spake it often, e're it spake it out;

*So by an Abbies Sceleton of late,*

*I heard an Eccho supererogate*

*Through imperfection, and the voice restore,*

*As if she had the hiccop o're and o're,*

*Since they our mixt Diocefans combine*

*Thus to ride double in their Discipline,*

*That Pauls shall to the Consistory call*

*A Dean and Chapter out of Weavers-Hall;*

*Each at the Ordinance for to assist*

*With the five thumbs of his groat-changing fist.*

*Down Dragon-Synod with thy motly ware,*

*Whilst we do swagger for the Common-Prayer,*

*That Dove-like Embasie, that wings our sense*

*To heavens gate in shape of innocence.*

*Pray for the Miter'd Authors, and desie*

*These Demicasters of Divinity.*

*For where Sir John with Jack of all trades joyns,*

*His finger's thicker than the Prelates Loyns.*

### The Antiplatonicke.

For shame, thou everlasting Woer,  
Still saying grace, and never falling to her!  
Love that's in contemplation plac'd,  
Is *Venus* drawn but to the waist.

Unlesse

Unless your flame confess it's gender,  
 And your parley cause surrender,  
 Y're Salamanders of a cold desire,  
 That live untoucht amid the hottest fire.

What though she be a Dame of stone,  
 The Widow of *Pigmalion* ;  
 As hard and as relenting she  
 As the new-crusted *Niobe*,  
 Or what doth more of Stature carry,  
 A Nun of the Platonick Quarry ?  
 Love melts the rigour, which the Rocks have  
 A Flint will break upon a Feather-bed ( bred ,

For shame you pretty Female Elves,  
 Cease for to candy up your selves :  
 No more, you sectaries of the game,  
 No more of your calcining flame.  
 Women commence by *Cupids* Dart,  
 As a King hunting dubs a Hart :  
 Loves votaries inthrall each others soul  
 Till both of them live but upon Parol,

Vertues no more in Woman-kind  
 But the Green sickness of the mind.  
 Philosophy their new delight,  
 A kind of Charcoal appetite :  
 There is no Sophistry prevails.  
 Where all convincing love assails,

But the disputing petticoat will warp,  
As skillful gamesters are to seek at sharp.

The souldier that man of Iron  
Whom ribs of *Horror* all inviron;  
That's strong with Wire, instead of Veins,  
In whose imbraces you'r in chains.  
Let a Magnetick girl appear,  
Straight he turns *Cupids* Curiasier.  
Love storms his lips, and takes the Fortrefs in  
For all the bristled turn pikes of his chin,

Since loves Artillery then checks  
The breast work\* of the firmeſt ſex,  
Come lets in affections riot,  
Th'are ſickly pleasures keep a Diet:  
Give me a lover bold and free,  
Nor Eunucht with formality:  
Like an Embaſſador that beds a Queen  
With the nice caution of a ſword between.

F

And

An *Elegie* upon Doctor Chaderton, the first Master of Emanuel Colledge in Cambridge, being above an hundred years old when he died.

*Occasioned by his long deferred FUNERAL*

Pardon (dear Saint) that we so late  
 With lazy sighs bemoan thy fate;  
 And with an after-shower of verse,  
 And tears, we thus bedew thy herse:  
 Till now (alas) we did not weep,  
 Because we thought thou didst but sleep:  
 Thou liv'dst so long, we did not know  
 Whether thou couldst now die or no:  
 We look'd still, when thou should'st arise,  
 And ope the casements of thine eyes:  
 Thy feet, which have been us'd so long  
 To walk, we thought must still go on;  
 Thine eares after an hundred year,  
 Might now plead custom for to hear:

Upon thy head that reverend snow  
 Did dwell some fifty years ago,  
 And then thy cheeks did seem to have  
 The sad resemblance of a grave.

Weret thou ere young! for truth I hold,  
 And do believe thou wert born old;  
 Ther's none alive I'me sure can say  
 They knew thee young, but always gray:  
 And hast thou now, venerable Oak,  
 Decline at death's unhappy stroak?

Ma-  
ing  
L,  
Tell me (dear Son) why didst thou die,  
And leav's to write an Elegy?  
We're young (alas) and know thee not,  
Send up old *Abraham* and grave *Lot*,  
Let them write thine Epitaph, and tell  
The world thy worth, they kend thee well:  
When they were boys they heard thee preach,  
And thought an Angel did them teach.  
Awake them then, and let them come,  
And score thy vertues on thy tomb,  
That we at those may wonder more,  
Than at thy many years before,

## MARIES SPIKENARD

S Hall I presume  
Without *Perfume*  
My *Christ* to meet  
That is *all sweet*

No, I'll make most pleasant posies?  
Catch the *breath* of *new blown Roses*;  
Top the pretty merry flowers,  
Which *laugh* in the fairest *Bowers*  
Whose *sweetness* Heaven likes so well,  
It stoops each morn to take a smell.  
Then I'll fetch from the *Phenix* nest  
The *richest Spices*, and the *best*,

Precious Ointments I will make,  
Holy Myrrhe and Aloes take;  
Yea costly *spikenard* in whose smell  
Sweetness of all Odours dwell.  
I'll get a box to keep it in,  
Pure as his *alabaster* skin.  
And then to him I'll nimbly fly  
Before one sickly minute die;  
This box I'll break, and on his head,  
This precious Ointment will I spread,  
Till ev'ry lock, and ev'ry hair  
For sweetness will his breath compare:  
But sure the odour of his skin  
Smells sweeter than the spice I bring.

Then with bended knee I'll greet  
His holy and beloved feet;  
I'll wash them with a weeping eye,  
And then my lips shall kiss them dry:  
Or for a towel he shall have  
My hair, such flax as nature gave.

But if my wanton locks be bold,  
And on thy sacred feet takes hold,  
And curl themselves about, as though  
They were loth for to let thee go.

O chide them not and bid away,  
For then for greif they will grow gray.

# CHRONOSTICON

Decollationis C A R O L I Regis tricesi-  
mo die *Januarii*, secunda hora Pomeridiana  
*Anno Dom. MDCXLVIII.*

Ter Deno IanI Labens ReX SoLe CaDente  
CaroLVs eXVtVs SoLIo SCeptroqVe SeCVre.

**C**HARLES—— ah forbear, forbear! left  
Mortals prize  
His name too dearly and Idolatrize  
His Name! Our Loss Thrice cursed and forlorn  
Be that Black night, which usher'd in this morn.

**C**HARLES our Dread Sovereign!—hold! left  
Out Lawed sense,  
Bribe and seduce tame Reason to dispense  
With those Celestial powers; and distrust  
Heav'n can behold such treason and prove Just.

**C**HARLES our Dread Sovereign's murther'd!  
tremble! and (Land,  
View what Convulsions shoul-der-shake this  
Court, City, Country, nay three Kingdoms run  
To their last stage, and set with him their Sun.

**C**HARLES our Dread Sovereign's murther'd at  
His Gate!  
Fell Fiends! dire Hydra's of a stiff-neck'd-State!  
E 3 Strange.

Strange Body politick (whose members spread,  
And monster like, swell bigger then their  
HEAD.

CHARLES of great Britain! He! who was  
the known  
King of three Realms lies murther'd in his own.  
He! He! who liv'd and Faith's defender stood,  
Dy'd here to Sub-Baptize it in his blood.

No more, no more, Fam's Trump shall Eccho all  
The rest in dreadful Thunder, Such a Fall  
Great Christendom ne're pattern'd; and t'was  
strange  
Earth's Center reel'd not at this dismal Change.

The blow struck Britain blind, each well set  
By dislocation was lopt off in HIM, (Limb  
And though she live's she live's but to condole  
Three bleeding bodies left without a Soul.

*Religion* put's on black, sad *Loyalty*  
Blushes and mourns to see bright Majesty  
Butcher'd by such Assassins; nay both  
'Gainst God, 'gainst Law, Allegiance, and their  
Oath

Farewell sad Isle Farewell thy fatal Glory  
Is Sum'd, Cast up, and Cancell'd in this Story.

## AN ELEGIE.

*Upon King CHARLES the First murdered  
publickly by His Subjects.*

WERE not my Faith boy'd up by sacred blood,  
It might be *drown'd* in this prodigious flood,  
Which reasons highest ground doth so exceed,  
It leaves my soul no Anch'rage, but by Creed;  
Where my Faith resting on th' Original  
Supports it self in this the Copies fall;  
So while my Faith floats on that *Bloody wood*  
My reason's cast away in this *Red flood*;  
Which ne're ore'flows us all: Those showers past  
Made but Land-floods, which did some vallies  
This stroke hath cut the only neck of land (waist:  
Which between us, and this *Red-sea* did stand;  
That covers now our world, which cursed lies  
At once with two of *Egypt's* prodigies;  
O're cast with darkness, & with blood o're run  
And justly since our hearts have theirs out done  
Th' Inchanter led them to a less known ill,  
To add his sin, then 'twas their King to kill:  
Which crime hath widowed our whole Nation  
Voided all Forms, left but privation  
In Church and State; inverting ev'ry right;  
Brought in Hells State of fire without light;  
No wonder then, if all good eyes look red,  
Washing their Loyal hearts from blood so shed;

The which deserves each pore should turne an  
 To weep out, even a bloody *Agony*, (eye,  
 Let nought then pass for *Musick* but sad cries  
 For beauty bloodless cheeks, & blood-shot eyes.  
 All colours soil but black, all odours have  
 Ill scent but *Myrrhe*, incens'd upon this *Grave*;  
 It notes a *Jew*, nor to believe us much,  
 The cleaver made by a religious touch  
 Of their *dead body*, whom to judge to dy,  
 Seems the Judaical impiety.

To kill the *King*, the *Spirit Legion* paints  
 His rage with *Law*, the *Temple* and the *Saints*,  
 But the truth is, he fear'd and did repine,  
 To be cast out, and back into the swine;  
 And the case holds, in that the *Spirit* bends  
 His malice in this *A&*, against his ends:  
 For it is like the sooner hee'l be sent  
 Out of that body he would still torment:  
 Let *Christians* then use otherwise this blood,  
 Detest the *A&*, yet turn it to their good;  
 Thinking how like a *King of death* he dies:  
 We easily may the world and death despise:  
 Death had no sting for him, and its sharp arm,  
 Only of all the troop, meant him no harm.  
 And so he look'd upon the *Ax* as one  
 Weapon yet left, to guard him to his *Throne*;  
 In his great name then may his subjects cry,  
*Death thou art swallowed up in Victory.*  
 If this our loss a comfort can admit,  
 'Tis that his narrowed *Crown* is grown unfit

For his enlarged Head since his distress;  
 Had greatened this, as it made that the less:  
 His *Crown* was faln unto too low a thing  
 For him, who was becom so great a *King*:  
 So the same hands inthron'd him in that *Crown*  
 They had exalted from him, nor pull'd down:  
 And thus Gods truth by them hath rendered  
 more

Than e're mans falshood promised to restore  
 Which since by death alone he could attain,  
 was yet exempt from weakness, and from pain;  
 Death was enjoin'd by God, to touch a part;  
 Might make his passage quick ne're move his  
 heart.

Which ev'n expiring was so far from death,  
 It seem'd but to command away his breath.  
 And thus his *Soul*, of this her triumph proud,  
 Broke, like a flash of lightning, through the  
 cloud

Of flesh and blood; and from the highest line  
 Of humane vertue, pass'd to be divine;  
 Nor is't much less his vertues to relate,  
 Than the high glories of his present state;  
 Since both then pass all acts, but of belieif,  
 Silence may praise the one, the other geif.  
 And since, upon the Diamond, no less  
 Than Diamonds, will serve us to impress,  
 Ple onely with that for his Elegie  
 This our *Josias* had a *Jeremie*.

## AN ELEGIE

On { *The best of men*  
*The meekest of Martyr,*  
 CHARLES the 1. &c.

**D**Oes not the Sun call in his light; and day  
 Like a thin exhalation melt away!  
 Both wrapping up their Beams in Clouds to be  
 Themselves close mourners at the Obsequie  
 Of this great Monarch? does his Royal Blood,  
 Which th' Earth late drunk in so profuse a flood  
 Not shoot through her affrightned womb, and  
 All her convulsed Arteries to shake, (make  
 So long, till those hinges that sustain,  
 Like Nerves, the frame of nature, shrink again  
 Into a shuffled Chaos? Does the Sun  
 Not suck it from its liquid Mansion,  
 And Still it into vap'rous Clouds, which may  
 Themselves in bearded Meteors display,  
 Whose shaggy and dishevel'd beams may be  
 The tapers at this black solemntie?  
 You Seed of Marble in the Womb accurst,  
 Rock'd by some storm, or by some Tigress nurs't,  
 Fed by some Plague, which in blind mists was  
 To strew infection on the tainted World (hurld  
 What fury charm'd your hands to Act a deed,  
 Tyrants to think on would not weep, but bleed  
 And Rocks by instinct so resent this Fact,  
 They'd into Springs of easie tears be slack'd.

Say

Say sons of tumults, since you think it good  
 Stil to keep up the Trade, and Bath in Blood  
 Your guilty hands, why did you then not state  
 Your slaughters at some cheap & common rate?  
 Your gluttonous and lavish Blades might have  
 Devoted Myriads to one publick Grave;  
 And lop'd of thousands of some base alay,  
 Whilst the same Sexton that inter'd their clay,  
 In the same Urn their names too might in tomb:  
 But when on him you fixt your fatall Doom,  
 You gaye a blow to nature, since even all  
 The stock of man now bleeds too in his fall  
 Could not Religion, which you oft have made  
 A specious gloss your black designs to shade,  
 Teach you, that we come nearer Heaven when  
 Are suppled into acts of Clemency?  
 And copy out the Deity agen,  
 When we distil our mercies upon men?  
 But why do I deplore this ruine? He  
 Onely shook off his frail Humanity?  
 And with such calmness fell, he seemed to be  
 Even less unmov'd and unconcern'd than we;  
 And forc'd us from our Throws of Grief to say,  
 We onely died, he onely liv'd that Day:  
 So that his Tomb is now his Throne become  
 T'invest him with the Crown of Martyrdome:  
 And death the shade of nature did not shroud  
 His Soul in mists, but its clear Beams uncloud,  
 That who a star in our Meridian shone,  
 In Heaven might shine a Constellation.

Upon

Upon the Death of CHARLES  
the First

Great ! Good ! and Just ! could I but rate  
My greif, and thy too rigid fate,  
I'd weep the world to such a strain,  
As it should Deluge once again.  
But since thy loud tongu'd-blood demands sup-  
plies,  
More from *Briareus* hands, than *Argus* eyes,  
I'll sing thy obsequies with Trumpet sounds,  
And write thy *Epitaph* with *Blood* and *Wounds*.

M O N T R O S E.

*Written with the point of his sword.*

A D E

# ADDITIONS

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## The Publick Faith.

**S**Tand off my Masters: 'Tis your pence a  
piece,

*Jasan Medea*, and the golden fleece;

What side the line good Sir? *Tigris*, or *Po*?

*Lybia*? *Japan*? *Whisk*? or *Tradinktido*?

*St. Kits*? *St. Omer*? on *St. Margarets Bay*?

*Presto* begon? or come aloft? what way?

Doublets? or Knap? the Cog? low Dice? or  
high?

By all the hard names in the Letany.

Bell, Book, and Candle, and the popes great toe  
I conjure thy account; Devil say no.

Nay since I must untruss Gallants look to't.

Keep your prodigious distance forty foot,

This is that *Beast of eyes* in th' *Revelations*

The *Basilisk* has twisted up three Nations.

*Ponteus Hixius doxius*, full of tricks,

The Lottery of vulgar Lunaticks,

The *Knapsack* of your state, the thing you wish  
*Magog* and *Gog* stew'd in a chaffendish.

A bag of spoons and whistles wherein, men

May whistle when they see their plate agen,

Thus

Thus far his infancy: His riper age  
 Requires a more myſterious folio page.  
 Now that time ſpeaks him perfect, and 'tis  
 pity,  
 To dandle him longer in a cloſe Committee,  
 The elf dares Peep abroad, the pretty fool  
 Can wag without a truckling ſtanding-ſtool;  
 Revenge his mother's infamy and ſwear  
 Hee's the fair offſpring of one half ſcore  
 year:  
 The Heir of the Houſe and hopes, the cry  
 And wonder of the Peoples miſery.  
 Tis true, while as a puppy it could play  
 For thimbles, any thing to paſs the day  
 But now the Cub can count, arithmetize,  
 Clinck *Maſenello* with the *Duke of Guiſe*:  
 Sign for an *Irish purchaſe*. and traduce  
 The *ſynod* from their Doctrin to their Uſe,  
 Give its Dam ſuck, and in a hidden way  
 Drink up arrears *a tergo mantica*,  
 An everlaſting Bale, Hell in trunk hoſe  
 Uncased the Divel's *Don Quixot* in proſe.  
 The Beaſt and the falſe Phrophet twin'd toge-  
 ther,  
 The ſquint-eyed emblem of all ſorts of wea-  
 ther.  
 The reſuſe of that Chaos of the earth,  
 Able to give the world a ſecond birth:  
*Affrick* avaunt! thy trifling monſters glance  
 But Sheep-eyed to this Penal Ignorance

That

That all the prodigies brought forth before  
Are but Dame Nature's blush left on the score,  
This strings the Bakers dozen, christens all  
The cross-leg'd hours of time since *Adam's* fall.

The publick faith? why 'tis a word of kin,  
A Nephew that dares *Cozen* any sin  
A term of Art, great *Behemoth's* younger Brother

Old *Machaviel* and half a thousand other;  
Which when subscrib'd writes *Legion*, names  
on *Truffs*,

*Abaddon*, *Belzebub*, and *Incubus*,  
All the *Vice-Royes* of darkness, every spell  
And Fiend wrap'd in a short *Trissyllable*.

But I fore-stall the show. Enter and see,  
Salute the Door, your *Exit* shall be free.  
In breif 'tis call'd Religious ease or loss,  
For no on's suffered here to bear his cross.

## A Lenten Letany.

*Composed for a confiding Brother, for the benefit  
and edification of the faithful Ones*

**F**ROM villany drest in the doublet of zeal,  
From three Kingdoms bak'd in one Com-  
mon-weal,

From a gleeck of *Lordes Keepers*, of one poor Seal,

*Libera nos &c.*

From

From a Chancery writ, and a whip and a bell,  
 From a Justice of peace that never could spell,  
 From Collonel *Pride* and the *Vicar* of Hell.

*Libera nos, &c.*

From Neat's feet without socks, and three penny-pies

From a new spring light, that will put out ones eyes,

From Goldsmiths hall, the Devil, and Excize

*Libera nos, &c.*

From two hours talk, without one word of sense,

From liberty still in the future tense,

From a Parliaments Long-wasted conscience.

*Libera nos &c.*

From a Coppid crown Tennant prick'd up by a Brother,

From damnable members and fits of the mother,

From ears like Oysters that grin at each other

*Libera nos, &c.*

From a Preacher in buff, and a quarter-staff-steeple,

From th<sup>t</sup> unlimited sovereign power of the People;

From a Kingdom that crawls on its knees like a Creeple,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From a vinegar Priest on a Crab-tree stock,  
From a foddering of prayer four hours by the  
Clock,

From a holy Sister with a pitiful Smock,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From a hungerstarv'd Sequestrators maw,  
From Revelations and visions that never man  
saw,

From Religion without either Gospel or Law,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From the Nick and Froth of a penny pot-house,  
From the Fidle and Cross, and a great Scotch  
Louse,

From Committees that chop up a man like a  
Mouſe,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From broken shins and the blood of a Martyr,  
From titles of Lords and Knights of the  
Garter,

From the teeth of Mad-dogs, and a Countrey-  
mans quarter,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From the Publique Faith, and an egge and butter,  
From the Irish purchases and all their clutter,  
From Omega's nose, when he fectles to sputter,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From the zeal of old *Harry* lock'd up with a  
Whore.

From waiting with plaints at the Parliament  
door,

From the death of a King without why or where-  
fore,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From the French disease, and the Puritan Fry,  
From such as nere swear, but devoutly can lye,  
From cutting of capers full three stories high,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From painted glass and Idolatrous cringes,  
From a *Presbiters* Oath that turns upon hinges,  
From *Westminster Jews* with Levitical fringes,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From all that is said, and thousand times more,  
From a Saint and his charity to the Poor,  
From the plagues that are kept for a Rebell in  
store,

*Libera nos, &c.*

*The second Part.*

**T**Hat if it please thee to assist  
Our *Agitators* and their list,  
And *Hemp* them with a gentle twist,

*Quasumus te, &c.*

That

That it may please thee to suppose  
Our actions are as good as those  
That gull the people through the nose,

*Quasumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee here to enter  
And fix the rumbling of our center,  
For we live all at peradventure.

*Quasumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee to unite  
The flesh and bones unto the sprite,  
Else faith and literature good night.

*Quasumus te, &c.*

That it might please thee, O that we  
May each man know his Pedigree,  
And save that plague of Heraldry,

*Quasumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee in each Shire,  
Cities of refuge Lord to rear,  
That failing Brethren may know where,

*Quasumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee to abhor us,  
Or any such dear favor for us  
That thus have wrought thy peoples sorrows;

*Quasumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee to embrace  
Our dayes of thanks and fasting face,  
For robbing of thy holy place.

*Quasumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee to adjourn  
The day of Judgment, least we burn,  
For lo! it is not for our turn,

*Quasumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee to commit.  
*A close Committee* there to sit,  
No Devil to a Humane wit!

*Quasumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee to dispence  
A little for convenience,  
Or let us play upon the sence,

*Quasumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee to embalm  
The saints in *Robin Wisdom's Psalm*,  
And make them Musical and calme,

*Quasumus te, &c.*

That it may please thee since 'tis doubt  
Satan cannot throw Satan out,  
Unite us and the Highland rout,

*Quasumus te, &c.*

## A hue and cry after the Reformation.

**V**hen Temples lie like quarter'd Quarres,  
Rich in their ruined sepulchres,  
**V**hen Saints forsake their painted glass,  
To meet their worship as they pass;

**V**hen

When Altars grow luxurious with the die  
 Of Humane blood,  
 Is this the flood  
 Of Christianitie?

When Kings are cupboarded like cheese,  
 Sights to be seen for pence a piece,  
 When Diadems like Brokers tire  
 Are custom'd reliques set to hire;  
 When Sovereignty and Scepter loose their  
 Stream'd into words (names  
 Carv'd out by swords,  
 Are these refining flames?

When subjects and Religion stir  
 Like Meteors in the Metaphor;  
 When zealous hinting and the yawn  
 Excise our *Miniver* and *Lawn*;  
 VVhen blue digressions fill the troubled air:  
 And th' Pulpit's let  
 To every set  
 That will usurp the Chair;

Call ye me this the nights farewell  
 VVhen our noon day's as dark as Hell?  
 How can we less than term such lights  
*Ecclesiastical Heteroclites?*  
 Bold sons of *Adam* when in fire you crawl  
 Thus high to be  
 Pearch'd on the tree,  
 Remember but the fall.

VVas it the glory of a King  
 To make him great by suffering?

Was there no way to build God's House  
But rendring of it infamous?

If this be then the merry ghostly trade,

To work in gall,

Pray take it all

Good brother of the blade.

Call it no more the Reformation

According to the new translation:

Why will you wrack the common brain

With words of an unwonted strain,

As Plunder? or a Phrase in senses cleft?

When things more high

May well supply,

And call it down right theft.

Here all the *Schoolmen* and *Divines*

Consent, and swear the naked lines

Want no expounding or contest,

Or *Bellarmino* to break a jest.

Since then the Heroes of the Pen with me

Nere scrue the sense

With difference

We all agree agree.

### *A Committee.*

**C**ast *Knaves* my *Masters*, fortune guide the  
chance,

No packing, I beseech you, no by-glance

To mingle pairs, but fairly shake the bag,

**Cheats** in their spears like subtle spirits wag.

Or

Or if you please, the cards run as they will,  
 There is no choice in sin and doing ill.  
 Then happy man by's dole, luck makes the ods,  
 He acts most high that best outdares the gods.  
 These are that *Ram-bone Herd* of *Pharaoh's* Kine,  
 Which eat up all our fatlings, yet look lean,  
 These are the afterclaps of bloody showres,  
 Which, like the Scots, comes for your gude and  
 yours.

The gleaners of the field, where, if a man  
 Escape the sword that milder frying pan,  
 He leaps into the fire, cramping the claws  
 O. such can speak no English but the cause  
 Under that foggy term, that inquisition,  
 Y are wrackt at all adventures *On suspicion*:  
 No matter whats the crime, a good estate's  
 Delinquency enough to ground their hates,  
 Nor shall calm innocence so scape, as not  
 To be made guilty or at least so thought.  
 And if the spirit once inform, beware,  
 The flesh and world but renegadoes are.  
 Thus one concluded, out the *Teazers* run  
 All in full cry and speed till *Wai's* undone.  
 So that a poor *Delinquent* fleec'd an torn,  
 Seems like a man that's creeping through a horn,  
 Finds a smooth entrance, wide and fit, but  
 when  
 He's squeez'd and forc'd up through the smaller  
 end,

He looks as gaunt and pin'd, as he that spent  
A tedious twelve years in an eager Lent;  
Or Bodies at the *Resurrection* are  
On wing, just rarifying into aire.  
The *Emblem* of a man, the pitied *Case*,  
And shape of some sad being once that was.  
The *Type* of flesh and blood, the Skeleton  
And superficies of a thing that's gone.  
The winter quarter of a life, the tinder  
And body of a corps squeez'd to a cinder;  
When no more tortures can be thought upon,  
Mercy shall flow into oblivion.

*Merciful Hell!* thy Judges are but three,  
Ours multiform, and in plurality!  
Thy calmer censures flow without recal,  
And in one doom souls see their final all.  
VVe travel with expectance: Suff'rings here  
Are but the earnest of a second fear.  
Thy pains and plagues are infinite 'tis true  
Ours are not only infinite but new,  
So that the dread of what's to come exceeds  
The anguish of that part already bleeds.  
This only difference swells 'twixt us and you,  
Hell has the kinder *Devils* of the two.

*On the happy Memory of Alderman Hoyle  
that hang'd himself.*

**A**LL hail fair fruit! may every Crab-tree  
bear

Such blossoms, and so lovely every year!  
Call ye me this the slip? marry it is well,  
*Zachens* slip'd to Heaven, the Thief to Hell:  
But if the Saints thus give the slip, 'tis need  
To look about us to preserve the breed,  
Th'are of the Running game, and none, to post  
In nooses, blanks the reck'ning with their *Host*.  
Here's more than *Trussum cordum* I suppose  
That knit this knot, guilt seldom singly goes!  
A wounded soul close coupled with the sence  
Of sin, payes home its proper recompence.

But hark you Sir, if haste can grant the time,  
See you the danger yet what 'tis to climb  
In Kings prerogatives? things beyond just,  
VVhen Law seems brib'd to doom them, must be  
truss'd.

But O I smell your plot strong through your  
hose.

'Twas but to cheat the Hang-man of your cloaths.  
Else your more active hands had fairly stay'd  
The leasure of a Psalm: *Judas* has pray'd.  
But later crimes cannot admit the pause,  
They run upon effects more than the cause.

Yet

Yet let me ask one question, why alone?  
 One member of a Corporation?  
 'Tis clear amongst Divines, bodies and souls  
 As joyntly active, so their judgement rowles  
 Concordant in the sentence; why not so  
 In earthly sufferings? *States* attended go.  
 But I perceive the Knack: Old women say,  
 And be t. approv'd, each dog shall have his day.  
 Hence sweep the Almanack: *Lilly* make  
     room,  
 And blanks enough for the new Saints to  
     come.

All in *Red letters*: as their faults have been  
 Scarlet, so limbe their *Anniverse* of sin,  
 And to their childrens credits and their wives  
 Be it still said, They leap fair for their lives.

### Platonick Love.

**B**Egon fantastick whimsy hence begun!  
 I slight thy dreams, I'me no *Cameleon*,  
 Nor can I feed on Ayry smoaky blisses,  
 Or bait my strong desire with smiles and kisses:  
 Old *Tantalus* as well may surfeit on  
 The flying streams by contemplation.

Give me a minute's heaven with my love,  
 Where I may roule in pleasures far above

The idle fancy of the soul's embrace,  
Where my swift hand may ravish all the grace  
Of beauties wardrobe, where the longing bride  
May feast her self, yet nere be satisfied.

Blaspheme not love with any other name  
Than an enjoyment kindled from the flame  
Of panting breatts, mixt in a sweet desire  
Of something more than barely to admire.  
Though sighs and signs may make the pulses  
beat,  
Action's the bellows that preserves the heat.

If all content were placed in the Eye,  
And thoughts compriz'd the whole felicitie:  
Pictures might court each other, and exchange  
Their white-lime looks, woo hard, and seem  
strange:

'No! Love requires a quick and home embrace,  
'Nor can it dwell for ever on the face.

'VWhat-ever glories Nature's tender care  
'Compiles to make a piece divinely rare,  
'Th'are but the sweet allurements of the Eye  
'Fixt on a stage to catch the standers by,  
'Or like rich *Signs* oppos'd to open sight  
'To tempt the Travellers to stay all night.

Yield then (my chaste *Clarinda*) once to see  
The sweet *Meander* of *Loves* liberty.

And

And seal thy thoughts a grant to understand  
 The welcome pleasures of a wise well mann'd.  
 For all the sweets mistaken in a kiss,  
 Are but the empty circumstance of this.

So shall a full content wipe out the score  
 Of all our sorrows that have pass'd before.  
 Not a sad sigh shall scape unsatisfied,  
 Which in its masters passion wept and died;  
 But like a Sea made subject to our Oars  
 We'll hoise up sail, and touch the wished Shoars.

## Christmas Day.

*Or the Shuttle of an inspired Weaver bolted against  
 the Order of the Church from its solemnity.*

**C**hrist-mas? Give me my beads: The word  
 implies

A plot, by its ingredient Beef and Pies!  
 A feast *Apocryphal*, a Popish rite  
 Kneaded in dough (beloved) in the night;  
 The night (beloved) that's as much to say  
 (By late translation) not in the day.  
 An annual dark.lanthorn *Jubilee*,  
*Catesby* and *Vaulx* bak'd in conspiracie,  
 The *Hierarchy* of *Rome*, the *Triple-Crown*  
 Confess'd in *Triangles*, then swallowed down,  
 With

With Spanish sack; the eighty eight *Armado*  
Newly presented in an *Ovenado*.

O *Calvin*! now my *Cause* upon thee fixes,  
Were ere such dregs mixt with *Geneva* fixes?  
The cloyster'd steaks with salt and pepper lie  
Like *Nunnes* with patches in a *Monast'rie*.

Prophaness in a *Conclave*? Nay much more  
Idolatry in crust! *Babylon's Whore*

Rak'd from the Grave, and bak'd by hanches,  
Serv'd up in Coffins to ungodly men. (then

Defil'd with superstition, like the *Gentiles*

Of old, that worship'd *Onions*, *Roots*, and *Lentils*!

Did ever *John* of *Leyden* prophetic  
Of such an *Antichrist* as pudding-pie?

Beloved, tis a thing when it appears,  
Enough to set the Saints all by the ears

In solving of the text, a doubtful sin  
Reformed Churches nere consented in. (pray,

But hold (my *Brethren*) while I preach and  
Me thinks the *Manna* melts and wasts away;

I am a man as all you are, have read  
Of *Peters* sheet, how he devoutly fed  
Without exception; therefore to dispence  
A litle with the worm of Conscience,

And bend unto the creature, I profess,  
Zeal and a Pie may joyn both in a Mess.

The dearest sons may erre, then why a sinner  
May I not eat? since *Hugh* eat three to dinner.

# Piæ Memorix

Doctiss. Reverendissimique in Christo Patris, Johannis Prideaux quam novissime Vigornix Episcopi, harumque tristissime lachrymarum Patroni nec non defuncti.

**B**usta struant alii, lachrymisq; altare refundant,  
 Quorum tristitia fata pianda cadunt.  
 Talia præcurrant cineres monumenta pusilli,  
 Quæis melos & tumulum fama gemenda petit.  
 Hic neque Pyramidum, nec inertis monstra Colossi  
 Poscuntur subito corruitura die.  
 Gloria securi confidentissima Cæli  
 Non vocat hæc stellis astra minora suis.  
 Sic tuus ascendit currus, dignissime Præsul,  
 Terreni miserans futile honoris onus.  
 Sed vae Zodiaco nostro, vae (Phæbe) trementi,  
 Ortus enim patriæ lux tenebræque fuit.  
 In te floruimus, tecum decerpimur omnes.  
 Et Pater & gnati: Molliter ossa cubent,  
 Parva tegant tennes & aperti funera fletus,  
 Tanta ruant superis damna silenda metu.

## Obsequies.

*On that right reverend Father in God John Pri-  
deaux late Bishop of Worcester deceased.*

**I**F by the fall of *Luminaries* we  
May safely guess the world's *Catastrophe*;  
The signs are all fulfill'd, the *Token's* flown,  
(That scarce a man has any of his own)  
Only the *Jews* conversion some doubt bred,  
But that's confuted now the *Doctor's* dead.  
Great *Atlas* of Religion since thy fate  
Proclaims our loss too soon, our tears too late;  
Where shall our bleeding Church a *Champion*  
To grasp with *Heresie*? Or to maintain (gain  
Her conflict with the Devil? For the odds  
Runs byass'd six to four against the gods.  
Hell lifts amain, and the engagement flies  
With winged *Zeal* through all the *Sectaries*,  
That should she soundly into question fall,  
We were within a *Vote* of none at all.  
But can this hap upon a single death?  
Yes: For thou wert the treasure of our breath;  
That pious *Arch* whereon the building stood,  
Which broke, the whole's devolv'd into a flood;  
An inundation that ore bears the banks  
And bounds of all religion: If some stanks

Shew

Shew their emergent heads ? Like *Seth's* famed  
stone,

Th'are monuments of thy devotion gone !  
No wonder then the rambling *Spirits* stray,  
In thee the body fell, and slipt away.

Hence 'tis the Pulpit swells with exhalations,  
Intricate none-sense travell'd from all Nations,  
Notions refin'd to doubts, and maxims squeez'd  
VVith tedious hick-ups till the sence grows  
freez'd.

If ought shall chance to drop we may call  
good,

'Tis thy distinction makes it understood.

Thy glorious Sun made ours a perfect day,  
Our influence took its being from thy ray.  
Thine was that *Gideon's* fleece, when all stood  
dry,

Pearl'd with celestial dew, showr'd from on high  
(spread,

But now thy night is come, our shades are

And living here we move among the dead.

Perhaps an *Ignis fatuus* now and then

Starts up in holes, stinks and goes out agen.

Such *Kicksee Winsee* flames shew but how dear

Thy great lights resurrection would be here.

▲ *Brother* with five loaves and two small fishes,

A table book of sighs, looks, and wishes,

Startles Religion more at one strong doubt,

Than what they mean when as the candle's out.

But I profane thy ashes (gracious Soul)  
 Thy spirit flew too high to truss these foul  
*Gnostick* opinions, Thou desired'st to meet,  
 Such tenents that durst stand upon their feet,  
 And beard the truth with as intens'd a zeal  
 As *Saints* upon a fast night quilt a meal.

Rome never trembled till thy piercing eye  
 Darted her through, and crush'd the mystery.  
 Thy *Revelation* made *St. John's* compleat,  
*Babylon* fell indeed but 'twas thy sweat  
 And oyl perform'd the work ; to what we see  
 Foretold in misty-types broke forth in thee  
 Some shallow lines were drawn and sconces  
 made

By smatterers in the arts, to drive a trade  
 Of words between us, but that proved no  
 more

Then threats in cowing feathers to give ore-  
 Thy fancy laid the *Siedg* that wrought her fall  
 Thy batteries commanded round the wall:  
 Not a poor loop-hole error could sneak by,  
 No not the *Abbes* to the Friery,  
 Though her disguise, as close and subtly good  
 As when she wore the *Monk's* hose for a hood,  
 And if perhaps their *French* or *Spanish* wine  
 Had fill'd them full of beads and *Bellarmino*,  
 That durst salley or attempt a guard,  
 O! how thy busy brain would beat and ward!  
 Rally! and reinforce! rout! and releive!  
 Double reserves! and then an onset give

H

Like

Like *marshall'd* thunder back'd with flames of  
Fire

Storms mixt with storms ! Passion with Globes  
of ire !

Yet so well disciplin'd that judgment still  
Sway'd, and not rash commissionated will.

No; words in thee knew order, time, and place,  
The instant of a charge, or when to face:

When to pursue advantage, where to halt,  
When to draw off, and where to re-assault.

Such sure commands stream'd from thee, that  
'twas one

With thee to vanquish, as to look upon:

So that thy ruined Foes groveling confess

Thy conquests were their fate and happiness.

Nor was it all thy business here to war

With foreign forces: But thy active star

Could course a home-bread mist, a native sin,

And shew its guilts degrees, how, and wherein;

Then sentence and expell it: Thus thy Sun

An everlasting stage in labour run;

So that its motion to the eye of man

Wav'd still in a compleat *Meridian*.

But these are but fair comments of our loss,

The glory of a *Church* now on the *Cross*:

The transcript of that beauty once we had,

Whilest with the lustre of thy presence clad:

But thou art gone (*Brave soul*) and with thee all

The Gallantry of Arts *Polemicall*.

Nothing

Nothing remains as *Primitive* but talk,  
And that our Priests again in *Leather* walk :

A *Flying Ministry* of horse and foot,  
Things that can start a Text and nere come to't;  
Teazers of doctrines, which in long sleev'd  
Run down a sermon all upon the nose: (prose  
These like dull glow-worms twinkle in the  
night,

The frighted *Land-Skips* of an absent night.  
But thy rich flames withdrawn, Heaven caught  
thee hence,

Thy glories were grown ripe for recompence:

And therefore to prevent our weak essays,  
Th'art crown'd an Angel with celestial Bayes:  
And there thy ravish'd Soul meets field and fire,  
Beauties enough to fill its strong desire.

The contemplation of a present God,  
Perfections in the womb, the very road  
And *Essences* of vertues as they be  
Streaming and mixing in *Eternity*.

Whiles we possess our souls but in a vail,  
Like earth confined, catch heaven by retail.  
Such a dark-lanthorn age, such jealous dayes,  
Men tread on Snakes, sleep in *Battaliaes*,  
Walk like *Concessors*, hear but must not say,  
What the bold world dares act, and what it may.

Yet here all votes *Commons* and *Lords* agree,  
The *Crosier* sell in *Laud*, the *Church* in thee.

*On the death of his Royall Majesty Charles  
late King of England, &c.*

**W**hat went you out to see a dying King?  
 Nay more, I fear an Angel suffering.  
 But what went you out to see a prophet slain?  
 Nay that, and more, a martyr'd Sovereign.  
 Peace to that sacred dust! *Great Sir* our fears  
 Have left us nothing, but obedient tears  
 To court your Hearse? and in those pious floods  
 We live, the poor remainder of our goods.  
 Accept us in these latter obsequies,  
 Th'unplunder'd riches of our hearts and eyes;  
 For in these faithful streams and emanations  
 W're subjects still, beyond all *Sequestrations*.  
 Here we cry more than Conquerors; malice  
 may  
 Murder estates, but hearts will still obey;  
 These as your glori's yet above the reach  
 Of such, whose purple lines confusion preach.  
 And now (*Dear Sir*) vouchsafe us to admire  
 With envy your arrival, and that *Quire*  
 Of *Cherubims*, and *Angels* that supply'd  
 Our dutie at your triumphs; where you ride  
 With full cœlestial *Joyes*, and *Ovations*  
 Rich as the Conquest of three ruin'd *Nations*.  
 But 'twas the heavenly plot that snatch'd you  
 hence,  
 To crown your Soul with that magnificence  
 And

And bounden rites of honour, that poor earth  
 Could only wish and strangle in the birth.  
 Such pitied emulation stop'd the blush  
 Of our ambitious shame, non-suited us.  
 For where souls act beyond mortality,  
 Heaven only can perform that *Jubilee*.

we wrastle then no more, but bless your day,  
 And mourn the anguish of your sad delay:  
 That since we cannot add, we yet stay here  
 Fettered in clay, yet longing to appear  
 Spectators of your bliss, that being shown  
 Once more, you may embrace us as your own,  
 Where never envy shall divide us more,  
 Nor City tumults, nor the worlds uproar;  
 But an eternal hush, a quiet peace.  
 As without end, so still in the encrease,  
 Shall lull humanity a sleep, and bring  
 Us equal Subjects to the heavenly King.  
 Till when I'll turn *Recusant*, and forswear  
 All *Calvin*, for ther's *Purgatory* here.

## An Epitaph

**S**Tay Passengers, behold and see  
 The Widowed grave of *Majesty*.  
 Why tremblest thou? her's that will make  
 All but our stupid souls to shake  
 Here lies entomb'd the sacred dust  
 Of *Peace* and *Piety*, Right and just.

The blood (O start'st not thou to hear ?)  
 Of a *King* 'twixt hope and fear  
 Shed, and hurried hence to be  
 The miracle of miserie.

Add the ills that *Rome* can boast,  
 Shrift the World in every coast,  
 Mix the fire of earth and seas  
 With humane spleen and Practises,  
 To puny the records of time;  
 By one grand *Gygantick* crime,  
 Then swell it bigger till it squeez  
 The Globe to crooked hams and knees;  
 Here's that shall make it seem to be  
 But modest *Christianity*.

The *Lawgiver* amongst his own,  
 Sentenc'd by a Law unknown;  
 Voted *Monarchy* to death  
 By the course *Plebeian* breath:  
 The *Sovereign* of all command  
 Suff'ring by a *common* hand.  
 A *Prince* to make the odium more,  
 Offer'd at his very door.  
 The head cut off, oh death to see't!  
 In obedience to the feet,  
 And that by *Justice* you must know,  
 If you have faith to think it so.  
 We'll stir no farther then this sacred clay,  
 But let it slumber till the *Judgement* day.  
 Of all the *Kings* on earth, 'tis not denyed,  
 Here lies the first that for Religion di'd,

## A Survey of the World.

**T**He *World's* a guilded trifle, and the state  
Of sublunary bliss adulterate ;

*Fame* but an empty sound, a painted noise,  
A wonder that nere looks beyond nine dayes.

*Honour's* the Tennis ball of fortune: Though  
Men wade to it in blood and overthrow;

Which like a bag of dice uneven dance,  
Sometime 'tis one's, sometimes anothers  
chance.

*Wealth* but the hugg'd consumption of that  
heart,

That travails Sea and Land for his own smart:

*Pleasure* a courly madness, a conceit

That smiles and tickles without worth or  
weight,

Whose scatter'd reckning when 'tis to be paid,

Is but repentance lavishly inlaid ?

The World, Fame, Honour, Wealth, and plea-  
sure then

Are the fair wrack and *Gemnies* of men,

Ask but thy *Carnal heart* if thou shouldst be

Sole *Monarch* of the Worlds great family,

If with the *Macedonian Youth* there would

Not be a corner still reserv'd that could

Another earth contain ? If so, what is

That poor insatiate thing we may call bliss ?

Question the loaden Gallantry a sleep;  
 What profit now their *Lawrels* in the deep  
 Of deaths oblivion; What their *Triumph* was  
 More then the moment it did prance and pass?  
 If then applause move by the vulgar cry,  
 Fame's but a glorious uncertainty.

Awake *Sejanus*, *Strafford*, *Buckingham*,  
 Charge the fond favourites of the greatest name,  
 What faith is in a *Prince's* smile, what joy  
 In th'high and *Grand Concilio le Roy*?  
 Nay *Cesar's* self that march'd his *Honours*  
 through

The bowels of all *Kingdoms*, made them bow  
 Low to the stirrop of his will and vote,  
 What safety to their Masters life they  
 brought?

When in the Senate in his highest pride  
 By two and thirty wounds he fell and dy'd!

If *Height* be then most subjected to fate,  
*Honour's* the day-spring of a greater hate.

Now ask the *Gro'ling* soul, that makes his gold  
 His *Idol*, his *Diana*, what a cold  
 Account of happiness here arise  
 From that ingluvious surfeit of his eyes?  
 How the whole man's inflav'd to a lean dearth  
 Of all enjoyment for a little earth?  
 How like *Prometheus* he doth still repair  
 His growing heart to feed the *Vultur* care.  
 Or like a Spider's envious designs, (loins  
 Drawing the threads of death from her own  
 Tor-

Tort'ring his entrails with thoughts of to mor-  
row, (sorrow

To keep that mass with grief, he gain'd with  
It to the clinking pastime of his ears

He add the Orphans cries and Widows tears,

The Musick's far from sweet, and if you found  
him, (him.

Truly, they leave him sadder than they found

Now touch the *Dallying Gallant*, he that lyes

Angling for babies in his *Mistress's* eyes,

Thinks there's no heaven like a bale of dyce,

Six horses and a Coach with a device,

A cast of Lacquies, and a Lady-Bird,

An Oath in fashion, and a gilded sword,

Can smook Tobacco with a face in frame,

And speak perhaps a line of sence to th'same,

Can sleep a *Sabbath* over in a bed,

Or if his play-books there, will stoop to read,

Can kiss its hand and congey *a la mode*,

And when the nights approaching, bolt abroad,

Unless his Honour's, Worship's, Rent's not come;

So he falls sick, and swears the Carrier home.

Else if his rare devotion swell so high

To wast an hour-glass on Divinity,

Tis but to make the Church his stage, thereby

To blaze the Taylor in his Ribaldry.

Ask but the *Jay*, when his distress shall fall

Like an arm'd man upon him, where are all

The rose-buds of his youth? those antick toyes,

Wherein he sported out his precious dayes? ~~and~~

What

What comfort he collects from Hawk or  
Hound?

Or if among his looser hours, he found  
One of a thousand to redeem that time  
Perished and lost for ever in his prime?  
Or if he dream'd of an eternal bliss? (this  
He'll swear *God damd him* he nere thought of  
But like the *Epicure* ador'd the day  
That shin'd, rose up to eat, and drink, and play,  
Knows that his body was but dust, and die  
It once must, so have mercy, and God b'wy.

Thus having travers'd the fond world in breif,  
The lust of the eyes, the flesh, and pride of life,  
Urbia's'd and impartiality, we see  
'Tis lighter in the scale than vanity.  
What then remains, but that we still should  
strive

Not to be born to die, but die to live?

*An Old man courting a Yuong- Girle.*

Come beauteous *Nymph*, canst thou em-  
brace

An Aged, Wise, Majestick grace  
To mingle with thy youthfull flames,  
And make thy glories stay'd? The Dames  
Of looser gesture blush to see  
Thy *Lillies* cloath'd with gravity:  
Thy happier choice, thy gentle *Vine*  
With a sober *Elm* entwine:

Seal

Seal fair *Nymph* that lovely tye  
Shall speak thy honour loud and high.

*Nym.* Cease *Grandfire* lover and forbear

To court me with thy *Sepulchre*:

Thy chill *December* and my *May*,

Thy *Evening* end my *Break of Day*

Can brook no mixture, no condition,

But stand in perfect opposition.

Nor can my active heart imbrace

A shivering *Ague* in loves chase.

Only perhaps the lucky tye

May make thy forked fortune high,

*Man.* If fretted roofs, and beds of down,

And the wonder of the *Town*,

Bended knees, and costly fare

Richest dainties without care,

May temptations motives be

Here they all attend on thee.

And to raise thy bliss the more

Swell thy Trunks with pretious Ore

The glittering entrails of the East,

To varnish and perfume thy nest.

*Nymph* I question not, *Sage Sir*, but she

That weds your brave obliquity,

Your Tiffick, Rheums, and Soldans face,

Shall meet with *Fretted Roofs* apaces;

I fancy not your bended knees,

Left bowing you can sprightly rise;

Your gold too when you leave to woo,

Will quickly become *Pretious* too.

And

And dainty Cates without delight,  
 May glut the day, but starve the night.  
 For when thou boasts thy beds of bliss,  
*The man, the man, still wanting is.*

*Man.* Nay gentle *Nymph* think not my fire  
 So quench'd, but that the strong desire  
 Of Love can wake it, and create,  
 New action to cooperate,  
 The sparks of youth are not so gone,  
 But I ——— ay marry, that I can.  
 Come smack me then my pretty dear,  
 Taste what a lively change is here.  
 Why fly'st thou me? ———

*Nym.* ——— yce yce be gone,  
 Clasp me not with thy *Frozen Zone*.  
 That pale aspect would best become  
 The sad complexion of a tombe,  
 Think not thy *Church yard* look shall move  
 My Spring to be thy winters Stove.  
 If at the *Resurrection* we  
 Shall chance to marry call on me;  
 By that time I perhaps may guess  
 How to bathe and how to dress  
 Thy weeping legs, and sympathize,  
 With perish'd lungs and wopper eyes;  
 And think thy touchy passion wit,  
 Love disdain and flatter it;  
 And 'midst this cōtive punishment  
 Raise a politick content.

But while the *Solstice* of my years  
 Glories in its highest sphears,  
 Deem not, I will daign to be  
 The Vassall of infirmity,  
 The skreen of flegmatick old age,  
 Decay'd *Methusalem* his page.  
 No ! give me lively pleasures, such  
 Melt the fancy in the touch;  
 Raise the appetite, and more,  
 Satisfie it o're and o're.  
 Then from the ashes of those fires  
 Kindle fresh and new desires.  
 So *Cyprus* be the *Scam*: Above  
*Venus* and the *God* of love,  
 Knitting true love-knots in one  
 Merry happy Union.  
 Whiles their feather'd team appears  
 Doves and Sparrows in their gears,  
 Flutt'ring o're the Jovial-frie,  
 Sporting in lov's *Comedy*

*Man.* Hold hasty soul beauty's a flower  
 That may perish in an hour;  
 No disease but can disgrace  
 The trifling blossoms of a face,  
 And nip the heights of those fond toys  
 That now are doted on with praise.  
 The noon-glory of the Sun  
 To the shades of night must come.  
*May*, for all her gilded prime,  
 Has its weak and withering time.

Nor

Not a bud that owes its birth  
 From the teeming mother earth,  
 But excels the fading dress  
 Of a womans loveliness,  
 For when flowers vanish here.  
 They may spring another year,  
 But frail beauty when 'tis gone,  
 Finds no resurrection.  
 Scorn me then, coy *Nymph* no more,  
 Fly no higher do not sore;  
 Those pretty rubies of thy lips  
 Once must know a pale *Eclipse* :  
 And that plump alluring skin  
 Will be furrow'd deeply in:  
 And those curled locks so bright,  
 Time will all be snow with white.  
 Not a glory not a glance.  
 But must suffer change and chance.  
 Then, though now you'l not contract  
 With me in the marriage *Act* ,  
 Yet perforce chuse , chuse you whether  
 You and I shall *Lye* together.

*An Epitaph on his deceased Friend.*

**H**ere lies the ruin'd *Cabinet*  
 Of a rich soul more highly set;  
 The dross and refuse of a mind  
 Too glorious to be here confin'd:

Earth

Earth for a while bespake this stay  
 Onely to bait and so away :  
 So that what here he doted on,  
 Was meer accommodation :  
 Not that his active soul could be  
 At home but in eternity.  
 Yet while he blest us with his rayes  
 Of his short continued dayes,  
 Each minute had its weight of worth,  
 Each pregnant hour some star brought forth,  
 So whiles he travel'd here beneath,  
 He liv'd while others only breath.  
 For not a sand of time slip'd by  
 Without its action sweet as high :  
     So good, so peaceable, so blest,  
     Angels alone can speak the rest.

*Mount Ida, or, Beauties Contest.*

**T**Hree regent Goddesses, they fell at odds,  
 As they sate close in counsel with the gods,  
 Whose beauty did excell, and thence they  
     crave

A moderator of the strife to have :  
 But least the partiall heavens could not decide  
 The grudge, they stoop to mortals to be try'd.

Mantled in clouds, then gently down they fall  
 Upon *Mount Ida* to appease the brail :

Where

Where *Priam's* lovely boy sporting did keep  
 His Fathers lambs and snowy flocks of sheep,  
 His lilly hands was soon ordain'd to be  
 The harmless *Umpire* of the fond decree.

To him, to him, they gave the *Golden ball*,  
 O happy goddess upon whom it fall !  
 But more unhappy *Shepherd*, was't not pity,  
 Thou didst not send it to a close *Committy*?  
 There, there, thou had'st surpass'd what did be-  
     fall,  
 Thou might'st have crowned *One*, yet pleas'd *All*.

First then *Imperious Juno* did display  
 Her coronet of glories to the Boy,  
 And rang'd her stars up, in an arched ring  
 Of height and Majesty most flourishing,  
 Then wealth and honour at his foot did lay  
 To be esteem'd the *Lady* of the day.

Next *Pallas* that brave *Heroina* came,  
 The thund'ring Queen of action, war, and fame,  
 Dress'd with her glittering arms, wherewith she  
     layes (raise;  
 Worlds waft, and new ones from the dust can  
 These, these, she tenders him, advanc'd to be,  
 With all the wreaths of Wit and Gallantry.

Last *Venus* breaks forth of her golden rayes,  
 With thousand *Cupids*, crown'd ten thousand  
     Boyes. Spark-

Sparkling through every quadrant of her eyes,  
V Which made her beauty in full glory rise :  
Then smiling vow'd so to sublime his parts ,  
To make him the great *Conqueror* of hearts.

Thus poor distracted *Paris* all on fire  
Stood trembling deep in doubt what to desire,  
The sweet temptations pleaded hard for all,  
Each theatre of beauty seem'd to call  
For the bright prize, but he amazed, he  
Could not determine which, which, which was she;

At last the *Cyprian* Girl so struck him blind  
In all the faculties of soul and mind,  
That he poor captiv'd wretch without delay  
Could not for bear his frailty to betray,  
But maugre honour, wisdom, all above,  
He ran, and kiss'd, & crown'd, the *Queen of Love*.

*Pallas* and *Juno*, then in high disdain  
Took snuff and posted up to heaven again,  
As to a high *Court* of appeal, to be  
Revenge'd on men for this indignity.  
' Hence then it happens that the *Ball* was lost;  
' 'Tis two to one, but love is alwayes crost.

*Upon a Fly that flew into a Lady's eye, and  
there lay buried in a tear.*

Poor envious soul ! what couldst thou see  
In that bright *Orb* of purity ?  
That active globe ? that twinkling sphear  
Of beauty to be meddling there ?  
Or didst thou foolishly mistake  
The glowing morn in that day-break !  
Or was't thy pride to mount so high  
Only to kiss the *Sun* and dye ?  
Or didst thou think to rival all,  
*Don Phaethon* and his great fall ?  
And in a richer Sea of brine  
Drown *Icarus* again in thine ?  
'Twas bravely aim'd, and which was more  
Th'ast sunk the fable ore and ore.  
For in the single death of thee  
Th'ast bankrupt all *Antiquity*.  
O had the fair *Egyptian* Queen  
Thy glorious monument once seen,  
How had she spar'd what time forbids,  
The needless tott'ring *Pyramids* !  
And in an emulative chase  
Have begg'd thy shrine her Epitaph ?  
Where when her aged marble must  
Resign her honour to the dust,  
Thou might'st have canonized her  
*Deceased Time's Executor* ?

To rip up all the western bed  
 Of Spices, where *Sol* layes his head,  
 To squeez the *Phenix* and her nest  
 In one perfume that may write *Best*,  
 Then blend the gall'ry of the skies  
 VVith her *Seraglio* of eyes,  
 T' embalm a name and raise a Tombe,  
 The miracle of all to come,  
 Then, then, compare it: here's a Gemm  
 A pearl must shame and pity them.  
 An Amber drop, distilled by  
 The sparkling Limbeck of an Eye,  
 Shall dazle all the short essaies  
 Of rubbish worth, and shallow praise.  
 VVe strive not then to prize that tear  
 Since we have nought to poise it here.  
 The world's too light. Hence, hence we cry  
 The world, the world's not worth a Fly.

## Obsequies.

*To the memory of the truly Noble, Right Valiant,  
 and Right Honourable, Spencer, Earl of Nor-  
 thampton, slain at Hopton-field in Stafford-  
 shire in the beginning of this Civil War.*

VVhat? the whole world in silence? not a  
 tear  
 In tune through all the speechless *Hemisphear*?

Has grief so seiz'd and fear'd mankind in all  
 The convoys of *Intelligence*? No fall  
 But those of *Waters* heard? No Elegies (eyes?  
 But such as whine through the Organs of our  
 Can *Pompey* fall again? and no pen say  
 Here lies the *Roman liberty* in clay?  
 Or can his blood *bow-die* th' *Egyptian* sand,  
 And the black crime do lesse than tan the land?  
 And make the *Region* in stead of a verse  
 And *Tombe*, his fable *Epitaph* and *Herse*?

So here *Northampton* that brave *Heroe* fell,  
 Triumphant *Roman*, thy pure parallel,  
 The blush and glory of his age: who dyed  
 In all points happy, but the *weaker side*:  
 Onely to forreign parts he did not roam,  
 The kind *Egyptians* met him nearer home.  
 Both, and such, Causes, as the world confess,  
 There's nought to plead against them but *success*.  
*Malignant Loyalty*! a glorious fame  
 And sin, for which God never found a name.  
 Which had it scap'd the *Rubrick* of these times,  
 Had still continued among *Holy Crimes*.  
 A *Text* on which we find no gloss at all  
 But in the *Alcoran* of Gold-smiths Hall!

Now (Great *Adolphus*) give me leave to stir  
 The ashes of thy Urne, and Sepulchre;  
 And branch the flowers of the *Swedish* glory.  
 As rival'd to the life in our sad story;  
 Yet not impair thy plumes by adding more  
 To suit that splendor from a neighbour shore:

Not

Nor deem thy honor less, thus matcht to be,  
 If *Compton* dyed to grasping *Victory*.  
*An active soul in gallant fury hurl'd*  
*To club with all the Worthies of the world,*  
 Blind, envious, piping *Fortune!* what could be  
 The tottering ground of this thy treachery?  
 To stop the ballance of that brave carrear,  
 Vvas both at once thy miracle and fear.  
 Wait not a Pannick dread surpriz'd thy soul  
 Of being made servile to his high controul?  
 Blush and confesse poor *Caitiff-Goddes!* so  
 VVe'l quit his in thy real overthrow.

And *Death* thou worm, thou pale *Affassi-*  
*nate!*

Thou sneaking hireling of revenge and hate,  
 Didst thou not feel an *Earth-quake* in thy  
 bones?

Such as rend Rocks and their foundations!  
 No *Tertian* shivering, but an *Ague* fit  
 VWhich with a burning Feaver shall commit  
 The world to ashes? when thou stol'st, crept'st un-  
 der

That Helmet, which durst dare *Jove* and his  
 thunder.

But since the Bayes he reacht at grew not here,  
 Like a wise fouldier, and a *Cavalier*,  
 He left his covetous enemy at bay,  
 Risting the carriage of his flesh and clay:  
 VWhile his rich soul pursued the greater game  
 Of *Honour* to the skies, there fixt his name.

I shall not therefore vex the *Orbes* to trace  
 Thy sacred footsteps in that hallowed place,  
 Nor start a feigned star, and swear it thine,  
 Then stretch the *Constellation* to thy line,  
 Like a *Welch Gentleman* that racks his kin  
 To all *Coats* in the Country he lives in.  
 Nor yet, to raise thy *Flaming Crest*, shall I  
 Knock for the wandring *Planets* of the skie.  
 Perhaps some broken beauty of stale doubt,  
 To comment on her face has hir'd them out.

Let fame, and thy brave race, thy *statue* live,  
 The world can never such another give.  
 VWhile each soul sighs at the sad thought of  
 thee,

There fell a *Province* of *Nobility*.

A fall. bad *Zeal* but husbanded its throat, (*Vote*  
 That sunk the *House of Lords*, and sav'd the  
 They onely State mute titles in their gears,  
 He singly represented all the *Peers*.

One, had the enemy imploy'd their *Smeck*,  
 Those *Ring-wormes* of the *Church*, to beg a neck  
 VVith *Claudius*, to metropolize all worth,  
*Rome*, and what ere the *suburb-world* brought  
 forth,

In him the sword did glut its ravening eye,  
 The rest that kickt up were the smaller *Frie*.  
 Sparks onely of that fire in him deceas'd,

*Nyffles* that crackt, and vanish North and VVest:

He led the *Royal* war in such a dy,  
 In that dire entrance of the *Tragedy*.

The sence (*Great Charles*) no longer to prorogue,  
None but thy self could speak thy *Epilogue*.



### *The London Lady.*

GEntly my *Muse* ! 'tis but a tender piece,  
A paradox of fumes and *Amber-greece*.  
A cob-web-tinder at a touch takes fire,  
The tumbling wherligig of blind desire,  
*Vulcan's Pandora* in a Chrystal shrine,  
Or th' old *Inn* fac'd with a new painted sign.  
The spotted voider of the *Term*: in short,  
Chymicall nature physick'd into Art.  
But hold rude *Satyr*, here a *Hector* comes,  
A *Cod-piece-Captain*, that with her shares fums,  
One claims a Joynture in her sins, the foile  
That puts her off, like the old man ere while  
That with a dagger cloak, and ho-boy gapes  
And squeaks for company for the *Jack-an-Apes*.  
This is the fierce *St. George* foreruns the waggon,  
And, if occasion be shall kill the *Dragon*.  
*Don Mars* the great ascendant on the road  
When *Thomase's* team begins to jog abroad.  
The hinter at each turn of *Covent Garden*,  
The *Club-Pickearer*, the robust *Church-warden*  
Of *Lincolne's Inn* back corner, where he angles  
For Cloaks and Hats, and the small game entan-  
gles.

This is the *City Usher* straid to enter  
The small drink country Squires of the first ven-  
ter,

And dubs them batch'lor Knights of the black  
Jug,

Mans them into an oath and the French shrug  
Make's them fine graduates in smock-impudence,  
And gelds them of their puny Mothers sence:  
So that when two terms more, and forty pound  
Reads them acquainted all *Gomorrhah* round,  
Down to their wondring friends at last they  
range,

With breeding just enough to speak them  
strange,

And drown a younger brother in a look,  
Kick a poor *Lacquey* and berogue the Cook,  
Top a small cry of Tenants that dare stir  
In no phrase now, but save your *Worship Sir*,

But to return, by this my Lady's up,  
Has swom the Ocean of the Cawdle-Cup,  
Convers'd with every washing, every ground,  
And Fucus in the Cabinet's to be found,  
Has laid the fix'd complexion for the day,  
Her breech rings high *Change* and she must a-  
way.

Now down the Channel towards the *Strand* she  
glides,

Flinging her nimble glances on both sides,  
Like the death-darting *Cockatrice* (that fly  
*Close Engineer*) that murders through the eye.

The

The first that's tickled with her rumbling wheels  
Is the old *Statesman* that in slippers reels,  
He wire-draws up his jawes, and snuffs, and  
grins,

And fighting smacks, but for my aged shins,  
My *Conclave* of diseases, I would boord  
Your lofty Gally: Thus I serv'd my *Lord*—  
But mum for that, his strength will scarce sup-  
ply

His back to the Balcona so God b'wy.

By this she has survey'd the golden *Globe*,  
And finding no temptation to disrobe.  
To *Durham's New Old Stable* on the packs,  
Where having whinc'd and breath'd the what d'  
ye lacks,

Ruffled or bounced a turn or two in ire,  
She mounts the Coach like *Phaeton* all on fire,  
Fit for the impressions of all sorts of evil,  
And whirls up towards the *Lawyers* and the *De-  
vill*.

There *Ployden* in his laced Ruff starch'd on edge  
Peeps like an Adder through a quick-set hedge,  
And brings his stale demur to stop the course  
Of her proceedings with her yoke of horse;  
Then falls to handling of the cause and so  
Shews her the posture of her overthrow,  
But yet for all his Law, and double fees  
She'll bring him to joyn issue on his knees:  
And make him pay for expedition too,  
Thus the gray fox acts his green sins anew.

And

And well he scapes if all his *Norman* sense  
 Can save the burning of his *Evidence*.  
 But out at last she's huddled in the dark,  
 Man'd like a *Lady Client* by the *Clerk*.  
 And so the nimble yongster at the parting  
 Extorts a smack perhaps before the carting.

Down *Fleetstreet* next she rowls with powdred  
 crest, (nest.

To spring clip'd half Crowns in the *Cuckow's*  
 For now the Heroes of the yard have shut  
 Their shops, and loll upon their bulks to put  
 The Ladies to the squeek if so perhaps  
 Their mistresses can spare them from their laps:  
 Not far she waves, and fails before she clings  
 With the young tribe for pendants, lace, and  
 rings;

But there poor totter'd *Madam*, though too late  
 She meets the topsie-turvey of her state;  
 For the calm'd Boyes, having nought left to pay,  
 Are forc'd to pawn her, and so run away.

On this the dreadful *Drawer* soon appears,  
 Like her ill *Genius* about her ears,  
 With a long bill of *Items* that affright  
 Worse than a skull of Halberds in the night.  
 For now the Jay's compell'd to untruish all  
 The tackling upon tick from every stall,  
 Each sharing Broker of her borrow'd drefs  
 Seems to do pennance in her nakedness.

For not a *Lady of the noble game*,  
 But is compos'd at least of all Long-Lane;

*An Animal together blow'd and made,  
And upp'd of all the shreds of every Trade.*

Thus purely now her self homewards she packs,  
Exciz'd in all the *Dialects* of her knacks;  
Squeez'd to the utmost thred, and latest grain,  
Like *Meteors* tost to their first grit again.

A lane, a lane, she comes, summ'd down to  
But shame and a thin-under-petticoat. (nought  
But lest I should pursue her to the quick,  
I pass: the chase lies now too near the nick.

In pity *Satyr* then the lash let fall:  
He knows her best, that scans her not at all.

And though thou seemst discourteous not to  
save her,

No matter, when thou leav'st, there's one will  
have her.

## The Times.

**T**O speak in wet-shod eyes, & drowned looks  
Sad broken accents, and a vein that brooks  
No spirit, life, or vigor, were to own  
The crush and triumph of affliction;  
And creeping with *Themistocles* to be  
The palefac'd pensioners of our enemy.  
No 'tis the glory of the soul to rise  
By fals, and at rebound to pierce the skies.

Like a brave *Courser* standing on the sand  
Of some high-working *Fretum* views a land,

Smiling

Smiling with sweets upon the distant side,  
 Garnish'd in all her gay imbroidred pride,  
 Larded with springs, and fring'd with curled  
 woods,

Impatient bounces in the capring floods,  
 Big with a nobler fury than that stream  
 Of shallow violence he meets in them; (way  
 Thence arm'd with scorn and courage ploughs a  
 Through the impostum'd billows of the Sea;  
 And makes the grumbling Surges slaves to Oar  
 And wase him safely to the farther shore:  
 Where landed, in a sovereign disdain  
 He turns back, and surveys the foaming main,  
 Whiles the subjected waters flowing reel,  
 Ambitious yet to wash the victor's heel.

In such a noble equipage should we  
 Embrace th' encounter of our miserie,  
 Nor like a field of corn, that hangs the head  
 For every tempest, every petty dread.  
*Crosses* were the best *Christians* arms: and we  
 That hope a wished *Canaan* once to see,  
 Must not expect a Carpet-way alone  
 Without a red-Sea of affliction.  
 Then cast the dice, lets foord old *Rubicon*,  
*Cesar*, tis thine, man is but once undone.  
 Tread softly through, lest *Scylla's* ghost awake,  
 And us i'th' roll of his *Proscriptions* take.  
*Rome* is reviv'd, and the *Triumvirate*  
 In the black *Island* are once more a state;  
 The City trembles: there's no third to shield,  
 If once *Augustus* to *Antonius* yield, Law

Law shall not shelter *Cicero*, the robe  
 The *Senate*: proud success admits no Probe  
 Of Justice, to correct or square the fate  
 That bears down all as illegitimate;  
 For whatsoever it lifts to overthrow,  
 It either finds it, or else makes it so.

Thus *Tyranny*'s a stately *Pallace*, where  
 Ambition sweats to climb and nuzzle there;  
 But when tis entred, what hopes then remain?  
 There is no sally port to come out again.  
 For mischief must rowl on, and gliding grow,  
 Like litle rivulets that gently flow (crease  
 From their first bubling springs, but still in-  
 And swell their channel as they mend their pace,  
 Till in a glorious tide of villany  
 They over-run their banks, and posting fly  
 Like th' bellowing waves in tumults, till they can  
 Display themselves in a full Ocean.  
 And if blind rage should chance to miss its way,  
 Brings stock enough alone to make a Sea.

Thus treble treasons are secur'd and drown'd  
 By louder cries of deeper mouth and sound;  
 And high attempts swallow a puny plot  
 As Canons overwhelm the smaller shot.  
 VVhiles the deaf senseless world inur'd a while  
 (Like the *Catadupi* at the fall of *Nile*)  
 To the fierce tumbling wonder, think it none  
*Thus custom hallows irreligion!*  
 And stroaks the patient breast till he admit  
 The now-grown-light and necessary bit.

But

But whether do I ramble? Galled times  
 Cannot endure a smart hand ore their crimes.  
 Distracted age! what dialect or fashion  
 Shall I assume? to passe the approbation  
 Of thy censorious *Synod*; which now sit  
 High *Areopagites* to destroy all wit?

I cannot say, I say, that I am one  
 Of th' Church of *Ely house* or *Abbingdon*,  
 Nor of those precious spirits that can deal  
 The Pomegranats of grace at every meal.  
 No zealous *Hemp-dresser* yet dipp'd me in  
 The Laver of Adoption from my sin.  
 But yet if inspiration, or a tale  
 Of a long waited six-hours length prevail,  
 A smooth certificate from the sifterhood,  
 Or to be termed holy before good,  
 Religious malice, or a faith 'thout works,  
 Other then may proclaime us *Jews* or *Turks*:  
 If these, these hint at any thing? Then, then  
 VVhoop! my despairing *Hope* come back agen:  
 For since the inundation of grace,  
 All honesty's under water, or in chase.  
 But 'tis the old worlds dorage, thereupon  
 VVe feed on dreams, imagination, (reign  
 Humors, and cross-grain'd passions which now  
 In the decaying elements of the brain.  
 'Tis hard to coin new fancies when there be  
 So few that launch out in discovery.  
 Nay Arts are so far from being cherished,  
 There's scarce a *Colledge*, but has lost his *Head*,  
 And

And almost all its *Members* : Oh sad wound!  
 Where never an Artery could be judged sound!  
 To what a height is *Vice* now tower'd? When we  
 Dare not miscall it an *Obliquity*?

So confident, and carrying such an aw,  
 That it subscribes it self no less than *Law*?  
 If this be reformation then? the great  
*Account* pursued with so much blood and sweat?

In what black lines shall our sad story be  
 Deliver'd over to posterity?

With what a dash and scar shall we be read :  
 How has Dame *Nature* in us suffered?

Who of all Centuries the first age are  
 That sunk the *VWorld* for want of due repair?

*VV*hen first we issued out in cries and tears,  
 (Those salt preiages of our future years)

Head-long we dropt into a quiet calm.

Times crown'd with rose garlands, spice, and  
 balm,

*VV*here first a glorious *Church* and mother came,  
 Embrac'd us in her arms, gave us a name.

By which we live, and an indulgent brest

Flowing with stream to an eternal rest.

Thus ravish'd the poor *Soul* could not guess  
 even,

*VV*hich was more kind to her yet, earth, or hea-  
 Or rather wrapped in a pious doubt (ven.

Of heaven, whether she were in or out.

Next the *Great Father* of our *Countrey* brings  
 His blessing too (even the *Best of Kings*)

Safe

Safe and well grounded Laws to guard our peace;  
 And nurse our virtues in their just increase:  
 Like a pure spring, from whom all graces come,  
 Whose bounty made it double *Christendome*.  
 Such and so sweet were those *Halcyon* dayes  
 That rose upon us in our infant rayes;  
 Such a composed *State* we breathed under,  
 We onely heard of *Jove*, nere felt his thunder.  
 Terrors are then as strange, as love now grown,  
 Wrong and revenge live quietly at home;  
 The sole contention that we understood,  
 Was a rare strife and war in doing good.

Now let's reflect upon our gratefulness  
 How we have added, or (O!) made it less,  
 What are th' improvements? what our progress?  
 where

Those handsome acts, that say that some men  
 were?

*He that to ancient wreaths can bring no more  
 From his own worth dayes, bank'rupt on the score,  
 For Fathers Crests are crowned in the Son.  
 And glorie spreads by propagation.*

Now vertue shield me! where shall I begin?  
 To what a Labyrinth am I now slipp'd in?  
 What shall we answer them? or what deny?  
 What prove? or rather whether shall we fly?  
 When the poor widow'd *Church* shall ask us  
 where

Are all her honours, and that filial care

VVe owed so sweet a Parent as the Spouse  
 Of *Christ*, which here vouchsaf'd to own a house?  
 Where are her *Boanerges*? and those rare  
 Brave sons of consolation which did bear  
 The *Ark* before our *Israel* and dispenſe  
 The Heavenly *Manna* with ſuch diligence?  
 In them the prim'tive Motto's come to paſſe,  
*Aut morti ſunt, aut doctis literis.*

Bleſſ'd *Virgin*, we can only ſay we have (grave)  
 Thy Prophets Tombs among us, and their  
 And here and there in colours paint,  
 That by thy ruins grew a mighty *Saint*

Next *Cæſar* ſome accounts are due to thee,  
 But thoſe in blood already written be.

So lowd and laſting, in ſuch monſtrous ſhapes,  
 So wide the never to be cloſed wound gapes;  
 All ages yet to come with ſhivering ſhall  
 Recite the fearful preſ'dent of thy fall.

Hence we confute thy tenent *Solomon*,  
*Under the Skin a new thing hath been done,*  
 A thing before all pattern, all pretence  
 Of rule or copy ſuch a ſtrange offence,  
 Of ſuch original extract, that it bears  
 Date onely from the *Eden* of our years

*Laconian Agis*, we have read thy fate,  
 The violence of the *Spartan* love and hate.  
 How *Pagans* trembled at the thought of thee  
 And fled the horror of thy tragedy;  
*Thyestes* cruel feaſt and how the Sun  
 Shrunk in his golden beams, that ſight to ſhun.

The bosoms of all kingdoms open lye,  
 Plain and emergent to th' enquiring eye,  
 But when we glance upon our native home,  
 As the black *Center* to whom all points come,  
 We rest amaz'd, and silently admire  
 How far beyond all spleen ours did aspire.  
 All that we dare assert is but a cry  
 Of an exchanged peace, for *Liberty*.  
 A secret term by inspiration known,  
 A mist that brooks no demonstration,  
 Unless we dive into our purses, where  
 We quickly find our freedom purely dear.

But why exclaim you thus? may some men say  
 Against the times, when equal night and day  
 Keep their just course? the seasons still the same?  
 As sweet as when from the first hand they came.  
 The influence of the stars benigne and free  
 As at first *Peep up* in their infancy.

'Tis not those standing motions that divide  
 The space of years, nor the swift hours that glide  
 Those little particle of age, that come  
 In thronging *Items* that made up the *Sum*,  
 That's here intended: But our crying crimes,  
 Our monsters that abominate the times.

'Tis we that make the *Metonymy* good  
 By being bad, which like a troubled floud  
 Nothing produce, but slimy mire and dirt,  
 And impudence that makes shame malepert.

To travel further in these wounds that lie  
Rankling though seeming clos'd, were to deny  
Rest to an ore-watcht world, and force fresh  
tears

From stanch'd eyes, new alarm'd by old fears,  
Which if they thus shall heal and stop, they be  
The first that ere were cur'd by *L. thargy*.

This onely *Axiom* from *ill Times* increase  
I gather, *There's a time to hold ones peace.*

*The model of the new Religion.*

**W** Hoop! Mr. *Vicar* in your flying frock?  
What news at *Babel* now? how stands the  
When wags the floud? no *Ephemerides*? (*Cock*?  
Nought but confounding of the languages?  
No more of th' *Saints* arrival? or the chance  
Of three pipes two-pence, and an ordinance?  
How many *Queer Religions*? clear your throat;  
May a man have a penniworth? four a groat?  
Or do the *funto* leap at trufs a-fail?  
Three tenets clap, while five hang on the  
tail?

No *Querpo model*? never a knack or wile?  
To preach for spoons or whistles? cross or pile?  
No hints of truth on foot? no sparks of grace?  
No late sprung light, to dance the wild-goose  
chace?

No *Spiritual Dragoons* that take their flames  
From th' inspiration of the *City Dames*?

No crums of comfort to relieve our crie?  
No new dealt mince-meat of Divinitie?

Come, let's project: By the great late *Eclipse*  
VVe justly fear a famine of the lips.  
For Sprats are rose an *Omer* for a sowse;  
VWhich gripes the Conclave of the lower house.  
Let's therefore vote a close humiliation  
For opening the seal'd eyes of this blind Na-  
tion,

That they may see confessingly, and swear  
They have not seen at all this fourteen year.  
And for the splints and spavins too, tis said  
All the joints have the *Riff-cage*, since the head  
Swell'd so prodigious, and exciz'd the parts  
From all allegiance, but in tears and hearts.

But zealous Sir, what say to a touch at prayer?  
How *Quops* the spirit? in what garb or air?  
VWith *souse* erect or pendent, winks or haws?  
Sniveling? or the extention of the jaws?  
Devotion has its mode: *Dear Sir* hold forth,  
Learning's a venture of the second worth.  
For since the peoples rise, and its sad fall,  
We are inspir'd from much to none at all.

*Brother, adieu!* I see y' are closely girt,  
A costly *Dover* gives the Saints the squirt.  
Hence (Reader) all our flying news contracts  
I like the State's Fleet from the Seas into acts.

But where's the model all this while; you I  
say,  
Tis like the *Reformation*, run away.

On Britannicus his leap three story high, and  
his escape from London.

Paul from *Damascus* in a basket slides  
Cran'd by the faithful *Brethren* down the sides  
Of their embattel'd wals: *Britannicus*  
As loth to trust the *Brethrens God with us*,  
Slides too, but yet more desp'rate, and yet thrives  
In his descent, needs mult! the Devil drives.  
Their cause was both the same, and herein meet,  
Onely their fall was not with equal feet,  
Which makes the case *Iambick*. Thus we see  
How much news fals short of *Divinity*.  
Truth was their crying crime: one takes the night  
Th' other the advantage of the new sprung *Light*  
To mantle his escape: How different be  
The *Pristin* and the *Modern policy*?  
Have *Ages* their *Antipodes*? yet still  
Close in the propagation of ill?  
Hence flows this use and doctrine from the  
thump  
I last sustain'd (Belov'd) *Good wits may jump*.

## Content.

F Air stranger! winged maid, where dost thou  
rest

Thy snowy locks at noon? or on what breast  
Of spices slumber o're the sullen night?  
Or waking whether dost thou take thy flight?  
Shall I go seek some melancholick grove,  
The silent theatre of despair and love?  
There court the *Bittern* and the *Pellican*,  
Those *Aëry Antipeds* to the tents of man?  
Or sitting by some pretty prattling spring  
Hear hoarse *Nyctimene* her dirges sing?  
Whiles the rough *Satyrs* dance *Curators* too,  
The chattering sem-briefs of her *Woo, hee, hee?*  
Or shall I trace some ice-bound wilderness  
Among the caverns of abstruse receis;  
Where neither prying Sun, nor blushing day  
Could steal a glimpse, or intersqueez a ray?

If not within this solitary Cell,

O whether must I post? where dost thou dwell?  
Shall I let lose the reins of blind desire?  
And surfet every ravening sense? Give fire  
To any train, and tire voluptuousness  
In all her soft varieties of excess?  
And make each day a history of sin,  
Drink th' *A la mort* Sun down and up again?

Improve

Improve my crimes to such a roaring score,  
 That when I dye, where others go before  
 In whining venial streams, and quarto pages,  
 My floods may rise in folio, sink all ages.  
 Or shall I bathe my self in widows tears :  
 And build my name in th' curse of them and  
 theirs ?

Ship-wrack whole nature to crawl out a purse  
 With th' molten cinders of the universe.  
 Belch nought but ruine ? and the horrid cries  
 Of fire and sword, and swim in drowned eyes ?  
 Make lanes to crowns, and scepters through th'  
 heart's veins  
 Of Justice, Law, Right, Church and Sove-  
 reigns ?

No, no, I trace thee not in this dark way  
 Of death, this scarlet streak'd *Aceldama*.

Shall I then to the house of mourning go ?  
 Where the *Salt-Peter Vuates* do over-flow  
 With fresh supplies of grief ? Fresh tides of brine ?  
 Or traverse the wide world in every line ?  
 Walke through the bowels of each realm and  
 Simpling for rules of policy to create (state  
 Strange forms of government of new molds and  
 waits

Like a French *Kickshaw* of a thousand tastes ?  
 Or shall I dive into the secrecy  
 Of Nature, where the most retir'd doth lie.  
 Or shall I waste the taper of my soul  
 In scrutinies where neither *Northern Pole*

Nor *Southern constellation* darts a light  
 To constitute a latitude or height ?  
 Or shall I float into the watry pale  
 VVan kingdome of the *Moon*, and there set sail  
 For all the *Orbs* ? and keep high holy-day  
 VVith th' *Nectar-tilpling Gods* in th' milky-way ?  
 Swell *Bacchus* tripes with a tun of lusty Sack ?  
 And lay the *Plump Squire* flat upon his back ?  
 O no, these revels are too short too sour,  
 Too sad, hugg'd, and repented in an hour.

Shall I then plough the Seas to forreign soils,  
 And rake the pregnant *Indies* for hid spoils ?  
 Or with the *Anchorite* abhor the eye  
 Of heaven, and banish all society ?  
 Live in, and out the world, and pass my days  
 In treading out some strange mysterious maze ?  
 Taste every humane sweet, Lilly and Rose ?  
 VVith all the sharp guard that about them  
 grows ?

Climbe where dispair would tremble to set foot,  
 Spring new impossibles, and force way to't ?  
 Make the whole Globe a shop of Chymistry  
 To melt down all her atomes, and descry  
 That small *Iota*, that last pittied grain  
 VVhich the gull'd sons of men pursue in vain ?  
 Or shall I grasp those meteors, fame, and praise ?  
 VVhich breath by th' charity of the vulgar voice ?  
 Pile honour upon honour till it crack  
 The *Atlas* of my pride, and break it's back ?

Hold fancy, hold ! for whether wilt thou bear  
My iun-burnt hope to loss ? 'Tis, 'tis not here.

Soar then (*My Soul*) about the arched round  
Of these poor spangled blisses : Here s no ground  
To fix the sacred foot of pure *Content*,  
Her mansion's in a higher element.

Hast thou perceiv'd the sweetness of a groan ?  
Or tried the wings of contemplation ?  
Or hast thou found the balm of tears that press  
Like Amber, in the dregs of bitterness ?  
Or hast thou felt that secret joy that flows  
Against the tide of common over-throws,  
Or hast thou known the dawning of a God  
Upon thee, when his love is shed abroad ?  
Or hast thou heard the secret harmony  
Of a calm Conscience ecchoing in thee  
*A Requiem* from above ? A sealed peace  
Beyond the Power of Hell, sin, or decease.  
Or hast thou tasted that communion  
Between a reconciled God and Man ?  
That holy intercourse ; those pretious smiles  
Dissolv'd in holy whisprings between whiles ?  
Here, here s the steps leads to her bless'd abode ;  
Her chair of state is in the throne of God.

May-

## May-day.

Come *Gallants*, why so dull? What muddy-  
cloud

Dwells on the eye-brows of the day? Why  
shroud

Ye up your selves in the furl'd sails of night,  
And tossing lye at *Hull*? Hark how delight  
Knocks with her silver wings at every sense?  
And great *Apollo Laureat* doth commence?

Up! 'tis the golden *Jubilee* of the year, (*Sphear*  
The Stars are all withdrawn from each glad  
Within the tyring rooms of heaven, unless  
Some few that peep to spy our happiness  
Whiles *Phæbus* tugging of *Olympus* crawl (*Paw*.  
Smokes his bright teem along on the *Grand*

Hark how the Songsters of the Shady plain  
Close up their Anthems in a melting strain:  
See where the glittering Nymphs whirl it away  
In *Checkling Caravans* as blyth as *May*,  
And th' Christal sweating flowers droop their  
heads

In blushing shame to call you slug-a-beds.  
Waste but a glance upon *Hide-park*, and swear  
All *Argus* eyes are fall'n, and fixed there,

The dappled Lawns with Ladies shine and glow,  
 Whiles bubbling mounts with springs of *Nectar*  
 flow;

And each kind Turtle sits and bills his dove  
 Like *Venus* and *Adonis* lapp'd in love.

Hark how *Amintas* in melodious loud  
 Shrill raptures tunes his horn-pipe! whiles a  
 croud

Of snow-white milk-maids, crown'd with gar-  
 lands gay,

Trip to the soft measure of his Lay,  
 And fields with curds and cream like green-  
 cheese lie.

This now or never is the *Galaxie*.

If the facetious *Gods* ere taken were  
 With mortal beauties and disguis'd, 'tis here.  
 See how they mix societies, and cross  
 The tumbling ball into a willing loss. (take  
 That th' twining *Ladies* on their necks might  
 The doubled kisses which they first did stake.

Those pretty earnest of a maiden-head,  
 Those sugred seals of love, types of the bed,  
 Which to confirm the sweet conveyance more  
 They throng in thousand times ten thousand  
 score.

Such heavenly surfeits as they sporting lye,  
 Thus catch they from each others lip and eye.

The

The game at best, the girls *May*-rol'd must be,  
 Where *Creydon* and *Mopsa*, he and she  
 Each happy pair make one *Hermaphrodite*,  
 And rumbling bounce together black and white.  
 Where had you seen the chance, you had not  
 known

Whose shew had lovelier been *Madam's* or *Joan*.

Then crown the bowl, let every Conduit run  
 Canary, till we lodge the reeling Sun.  
 Tap every joy, let not a pearl be spilt,  
 Till we have set the ringing world a tilt.  
 And sacrifice *Arabia felix* in  
 One bone-fire, one incense offering.

Tis *Sack*, tis *Sack*, that drowns the thorny  
 cares,  
 Which hedge the pillow, and abridge our years,  
 The quickning *Anima Mundi*, that creates  
 Life in dejection, and out-dares the Fates,  
 Makes man look big on danger, and out-swell  
 The fury of that thrall, that threatens Hell.

Chirp round my Boyes: let each soul take its sip,  
 Who knows what falls between the cup and lip?  
 What can a voluntary pale look bring,  
 Or a deep sigh to lessen suffering?  
 Has mischief any pity or regard?  
 The foyl of misery is a breast prepar'd.

Hence

Hence then with folded arms, eclipsed eyes,  
 And low imprison'd groans, meek cowardise.  
 Urge not with oars death that in full sail comes,  
 Nor walk in forestal'd blacks to the dark tombs,  
 But rather then the eternal jaws shall gape,  
 Gallop with *Curtius* down the gallant hap.

Mean time here's that shall make our shackles  
 light,  
 And charm the dismal terrors walk by night.  
 'Tis this that cheers the drooping soul, revives  
 The benum'd captive, cramp't in his old gyves.  
 Kingdoms and Cottages, the *Mill* and *Throne*,  
 Sack the grand *Leveller* commands alone.

'Tis Sack that rocks the boiling brain to rest,  
 Confirms the aged hams, and worms the breast  
 Of gallantry to action, runs half share  
 And metall with the buff-fac'd sons of war.  
 'Tis wit, tis art, tis strength, tis all and more:  
 Then loose the flood-gates *George*, wee'l pay or  
 score.

*An Epigram to Doulus.*

**D**oulus advanc'd upon a goodly Steed,  
 Came mounting ore the plain in very  
 deed,  
 Whereat the people cring'd and bow'd the knee:  
 In honour of my *Lord's* rich Livery.

Hence

Hence swell not *Donlus*, nor erect thy crest,  
Twas for the *Goddeſs* ſake we capp'd the beaſt.

*An Epigram on the people of England.*

**S** Weating and chaſing hot *Ardelio* cries  
A Boat, a Boat, eſſe farewell all the prize.  
But having once ſet foot upon the deep  
Hot ſpur *Ardelio* fell faſt aſleep.  
So we on fire, with zealous diſcontent,  
Call'd out a *Parliament*, a *Parliament*;  
Which being obtain'd at laſt, what did they do?  
Even ſqueez the wool-packs, and lie ſnorting too.

*Another.*

**B** *Rittain* an Orchard ſeem'd to be  
Furniſh'd with nature's choice variety,  
Temptations golden fruit of every ſort,  
Th' *Hesperian garden* ſann'd from feign'd report.  
Great boyes and ſmall together in we brake,  
No matter what diſdain'd *Priapus* ſpake.  
Up, up, we liſt the great Boyes in the trees,  
Hoping a common ſhare to ſympathize:  
But they no ſooner there, neglected ſtreight  
The ſhoulders that ſo rais'd them to this  
height;

And tell to ſtuffing of their own bags firſt,  
And as their treasure grew, ſo did their thirſt.

Whiles

Whiles we in lean expectance gaping stand,  
 For one shake from their charitable hand,  
 But all in vain, the dropie of desire  
 So scorch'd them, three Realms could not quench  
 the fire,  
 Be wise then in your ale, bold youths : for fear  
 The *Gardner* catch us, as *Moss* caught his *Mare*,

*A Sing-song on Clarinda's Wedding.* 

**N**OW that *Love's Holiday* is come,  
 And *Madg* the *Maid* hath swept the room  
 And trim'd her spit and pot,

Awake my merry *Muse* and sing  
 The *Revels* and that other thing  
 That must not be forgot.

As the gray morning dawn'd, 'tis sed  
*Clarinda* broke out of her bed  
 Like *Cynthia* in her pride :

Where all the Maiden *Lights* that were  
 Compriz'd within our *Hemisphear*  
 Attended at her side,

But wot you then, with much ado  
 They dress'd the bride from top to toe !  
 And brought her from her chamber !

Deck'd

Deck'd in her robes, and garments gay  
More sumptuous than the live-long day  
Or Stars enshrin'd in Amber.

The sparkling bullies of her eyes  
Like two eclipsed Suns did rise  
Beneath her crystal brow,

To shew like those strange accidents  
Some sudden changeable events  
Were like to hap below.

Her cheeks bestreak'd with white and red,  
Like pretty tell-tales of the bed  
Presag'd the blast-ring night.

With his encircling arms and shade  
Resolv'd to swallow and invade  
And skreen her virgin light.

Her lips those threds of scarlet dye,  
Wherein Love's charms and quiver lye,  
Legions of sweets did crown,

Which smilingly did seem to say  
O crop me, crop me, whiles you may,  
Anon th're not mine own.

Her

Her breasts those melting Alps of snow ;  
 On whose fair hills in open show  
     The *God of Love* lay napping ;

Like swelling Buds of lively Wine  
 Upon their Ivory Steels did shine  
     To wait the lucky tapping.

Her waste that tender type of man,  
 Was but a small and single span,  
     Yet I dare safely swear,

He that whole thousands has in fee,  
 Would forfeit all so he might be  
     Lord of the Mannor there.

But now before I pass the line,  
 Pray *Reader* give me leave to dine;  
     And pause here in the middle;

The *Bridegroom* and the *Parson* knock,  
 With all the *Hymeneal* flock,  
     The *Plum-cake* and the *Fiddle*.

When as the Priest *Clarinda* sees,  
 He star'd as if had been half his fees  
     To gaze upon her face:

And if the spirit did not move,  
His countenance was far above  
Each sinner in the place.

With mickle stir he joyn'd their hands,  
And hamp'red them in marriage bands,  
As fast as fast may be:

Where still me thinks, me thinks, I hear  
That secret sigh in every ear,  
Once love remember me!

Which done, the Cook he knock'd again,  
And up the dishes in a train  
Come smocking two and two;

With that they wip'd there mouths and late,  
Some fell to quaffing, some to prate,  
Ay marry and welcome too.

In pairs they thus impart'd the meat:  
*Roger and Margaret, and Thomas and Kate,*  
*Ralph and Bess, Andrew and Mandlin;*

And *Valentine* eke with *Sybill* so sweet, (meet  
Whose cheeks on each side of her snuffers did  
As round and as plump as a codling;

When at the last they had fetch'd their freeze,  
 And mired their stomacks quite up to the knees  
 In claret and good chear;

Then, then began the merry din,  
 For as it was thought they were all on the pin,  
 O what kissing and clipping was there!

But as luck would have it the *Parson* said grace,  
 And to frisking and dancing they shuffled apace;  
 Each Lad took his Lads by the fist,

And when he had squeez'd her, and gaum'd her  
 untill  
 The fat of her face ran down like a mill,  
 He toll'd for the rest of the grift

In swet and in dust having wast'd the day,  
 They enter'd upon the last act of the play,  
 The Bride to her bed was convey'd,

Where knee deep each hand fell down to the  
 ground, (found;  
 And in seeking the Garter much pleasure was  
 'Twould have made a mans arm have stray'd.

This clutter ore *Clarinda* lay  
 Halfe bedded, like the peeping day  
 Behind *Olympus* cap;

Whiles at her head each twittring Girle  
The fatal stocking quick did whirle  
to know the lucky hap.

The Bridegroom in at last did rustle,  
All disappointed in the bustle,  
The Maidens had shav'd his breeches;

But let us not complain, 'tis well  
In such a storm I can you tell  
He sav'd his other stitches.

And now he bounc'd into the bed,  
Even just as if a man had sed,  
Fair Lady have at all ;

Where twisted at the hug they lay,  
Like *Venus* and the sprightly boy,  
O who would fear the fall?

Thus both with loves sweet tapers fired,  
And thousand balmy kisses tired,  
They could not wait the rest,

But out the folk and candles fled,  
And to't they went, but what they did  
There lies the cream o' th' jest.

## The Mirtle Grove.

Just as the reeling Sun came sliding down  
 Among the *Moors*, and *Tethis* in a Gown  
 Of sea-green watchet fettle to embrace  
 Her great *Apollo* from his circled race,  
 And the streak'd heavens did themselves digest  
 Into a larger *Iris*, to invest  
 And canopy th' illustrious lovely pair.  
 In a *Diaphanous* Robe of costly ayre :

*Clarinda* rose amidst the *Mirtle-grove*,  
 Like the *Queen mother* of the stars above.  
 But that *Clarinda's* was no borrow'd Light:  
 Nor could it, where she was, be deem'd a night,  
 Such was the natural glories she put on,  
 They ow'd no being to reflection.

Whiles the inspir'd *Musicians* of the wood,  
 Ravish'd at the new day, powr'd out a flood  
 Of quavering melody in honied strains  
 To court the glittering Deity of the plains.  
 Those pretty flow'ry beds of sweets that now  
 Had clos'd their heads up in an amber dew  
 Of tears, to mourn the drowsie Sun's good  
 night,

Warm'd with a nobler ardor sprung up right,  
 And threw the mantles of dull sleep aside  
 In a displaid and meritorious pride,

To strew with rich perfumes her balmy way,  
Which grew more fragrant by her active ray.

Thus sweetly woo'd *Clarinda* laid her down  
On a curl'd quilt of roses fondly grown  
Proud of their own oppression, whiles they may  
Kiss the dear burden which upon them lay ;  
Then skreen'd with harmony, she stretch'd a-  
long

Upon her *Damask Couch*, where a bright throng  
Of *Graces* hover'd ore the firmament  
Of her pure orbs drawn to a full extent :  
Whiles a softgale of wanton wind that blew,  
Did sport her willing glories into view.  
But I, poor dazled I ; not daring here  
To attempt the splendor of each naked spl' air,  
Stood peeping through the *Opticks* of the shade,  
Which to my sight a kind reflection made.

Her eyes half shut up in their chrystal case  
Stood twinkling *Centinels* upon her face;  
Or else to take the prospect of those fields  
Of beauty which that flowing *Temple* yields,  
Her coral lips ten thousand smiles enthron'd,  
Like clustred grapes, which for a vintage  
groan'd.

The Ivory palace of her stately neck  
Cloath'd with *Majestick* awe, did seem to check  
The looser pastime of her gamesome hair,  
Which in wild rings ran tick about the ayre.  
Her amorous breasts swel'd to a love'y rise  
Of dripping plenty, a twin'd *Paradise*

Of milk and honey, exhal'd my roving eye  
 Into a soul enslaving extasie;  
 And had I not recoild without delay,  
 I there had wandred in the milky way;  
 Her belly like the *Ace of Clubs*, so white; W  
 So black the strutting pillow of delight,  
 So fired the catching tinder of my sense,  
 That I no longer student could commence,  
 But straight weigh'd anchor and tack'd up the  
 To the main-yard, wanting a stiffer gale  
 To pass me through those ticklish streights of  
 Into the full *Mediterranian*;  
 At last I plung'd into the *Elysian* charms,  
 Fast clasp'd by the arched *Zodiack* of her arms,  
 Those closes clings of love, where I pertaked  
 Strong hopes of bliss; but so, O so, I waked  
 To my honoured friend Mr. T. C. that us'd me  
 how I liked his Mistress being an old widow

BUT prithee first how long hast been  
 Lost in this sad estate of sin  
 That the milde Gout, or Pox, or worse  
 Serves not to expiate thy curse?  
 Some Pestilence else may be thought upon,  
 And not such absolute damnation.  
 Are rocks and halters grown so dear  
 That there's no perishing but here  
 Does no Committee yet survive,  
 Those cheaper *Gregorios* of men alive

If thou wilt needs to See, Oh must it be  
In an old *Galliaße* of sixty three?

A snail crawl'd botom? A gray bark  
That stood at funt for *Noah's Ark*?  
Whose wrinkled poop in figures furl'd  
Describes her travells round the world?

A *Nut* wch when th' hast crack'd and fumbled ore,  
Thou'lt find the *Squirrel* has been there before?

Then raise the siege from falling on  
That old dismantled garrison.

Rash Lover speak, what pleasure hath  
Thy *Spring* in such an *Aftermath*?

Who, were she to the best advantage spread,  
Is but the dull husk of a maiden head.

How canst thou then delight thy sense  
In beauties præterperfect sense?

And dote upon that free stone face  
Which wears but the records of grace?

Whose antick *Monast'ry* brags but a Chest  
Of venerable *Reliques* at the best?

O can there such a famine be  
Of piping-hot virginity.

That thou art forced to flur and cheat  
Thy stomach with the broken meat?

Why he that woes a *widow* does no more

Then court that *Quagmire*, where one sunk be-  
Fie, prize not then those *Arras-Looks* (fore,  
Sullied and thumb'd like *Town-ball Books*!  
I like thy fancy well to have  
Its misery so near its *Grave*.

And

And tis a generall shrut, that most men use,  
 But yet tis tedious writing dead mens thooes,  
 If 'twere thy plot I 'd confess  
 For to make *Mumme* of her grease,  
 Or swop her to the Paper Mill,  
 This were extracting good from ill.  
 But if thou wedst on any worse condition,  
 I thoul't prove *Delinquent* for thy *Superstition*.  
 But p'ches hold, let me advise,  
 Perhaps sh's rich and seems a prize,  
 New chalk'd, new rig'd, a thately Friggot,  
 But yet she's tapp'd at lower spiegot.  
 Yet if no medicine for thy grief be found,  
 There's small odds *Tom* 'twixt being hang'd or  
 drown'd.

## The Engagement Stated.

**B**E gon *Expositor*: the *Text* is plain,  
 No *Church*, no *Lord*, no *Law*, no *Sovereign*  
 A way with n. entall reservations, and  
 Senses of Oaths in files out by the *Strand*.  
 Here's hell trust'd in a thumble, in a breath,  
 Dares face the hazard of the second death.  
 The *Saints* are g own *Laconians*, and can twist  
 Perjury up in pills like *Key o-grift*,  
 But hold preciz *Deponents*: Though the  
 h  
 O. *Zal* in *Cataracts* digests such meat,

My

My cold concoction shrinks, and my advance  
 Drives slowly to approach your *Ordinance*;  
 The signe's in *Cancer*, and the *Zodiack* turns  
*Leonick*, rowl'd in curls while *Terra* burns  
 What though your fancies are sublim'd to  
 reach

Those fatal reigns? Success and will can teach  
 But rash divinity. A sad renown  
 Where one man fell to see a million drown.  
 When neither arts nor arms can serve to  
 fight,

And wrest a title from its law and right,  
 Must malice piece the *Trangum*? and make clear  
 The scruple else we will resolve to swear?  
 Nay out-swear all that we have sworn before,  
 And make good lesser crimes by acting more  
 And more sublime? This, this extends the line  
 And shames the puny soul of *Cataline*.

On this account all those whose fortunes  
 crost;

And want estates, may turn *Knights* of the  
*Post*.

*Vaulx* we out-vy'd thee, since thy plot fell  
 lame;

We found a closer seller for the same,

Piling the fatal Powder in our mouths,

Which in an Oath discharg'd blew up the  
*Houses*

Maugie *Mounteagle*, asps not thoroughly slain,  
 Their poison in an age may live again.

Good

Good *Demas* cuff your Bear; then let us see  
 The mystery of your iniquity.  
 May a man course a cur? And freely box?  
 The Question? Or the formal paradox?  
 But as in physick; so in his device  
 This querk of policy the point is nice,  
 For he that in this model means to thrive,  
 Must first subscribe to the preparatives;  
 Like Witches compact countermarch his  
 faith,  
 And soak up all what ere the *Spirit* saith;  
 Then seal and sign. *Sylla* threw three bars  
 short,  
 He had a sword indeed, but no *Text* for't.  
 Old *Rome* lament thy infancy in sin,  
 We perfect, what thou trembl'st to begin;  
 Blush then to see thy self outdone. But all  
 The world may grieve, 'tis epidemical  
 Heaven frowns indeed. But that makes hell  
 enraged?  
 Sweet *Pluto* be at peace we have engaged.

*Prælegenda*, to the succeeding Poem,  
 viz. *The Wife-hater*.

I.

*why women were made.*

WOMAN in the beginning (as 'tis said)  
 To be an help to man was chiefly made;  
 Then

Then ought not women much to be commended,  
 ded,

Who answer th' end for which they were intended?

Women were made to help men, so they do,  
 Some unto sorrow, grief, diseases too;  
 Others do their kind husbands help to spend  
 Their whole estates, thus answer they their end,  
 Some help men unto more then they were born,  
 To have (I mean) *Alecons* head and horn.

2.  
*Of what Woman was made.*

Crooked-condition'd Nature made her, when  
 She form'd her of the crookedst parts in men:  
 Nature first fram'd her of a mans rib, she  
 Then can't chuse, but a cross-grain'd creature  
 be,

And ever since (it may not be deni'd)  
 Poor man hath subject been to a stitch i' th' side.  
 Yet some there are, who in a grateful mind,  
 Would soundly rib their husbands, could they  
 finde.

A good tough Cudgel, and make this their answer,

They but restore what *Eve* stole from their  
 Granfire?

And 'tis reason too (as't hath been tri'd)

A bad wife sits so close to her husbands side,

*what*

3.

*What they committed, so soon as they were made.*

No sooner made, but she runs into all  
 Mischief her self, then causeth man to fall:  
 And now that judgement on their sex is doub-  
 led,  
 They'r with a two-fold falling-sickness troubled.

4.

*To what they are now likened.*

Women in love and lust compared be  
 Unto a pumice-stone, for that we see  
 Is full of holes, so they, when once in love,  
 Most hollow-hearted to their servants prove;  
 In love they like it are, because they dissemble,  
 But when they lust most, they it most resemble;  
 Play with a lustful girle, and you shall see,  
 How like unto the pumice-stone she'l be,  
 Which way soe're you do her troul,  
 You'l find against you still an open hole.

VITUPERIUM UXORIS,  
OR  
THE WIFE-HATER.

I.

HE that intends to take a wife,  
I'll tell him, what a kind of life

He must be sure to lead;

If she's a young and tender heart,

Not documented in Loves art,

Much teaching she will need.

2.

For where there is no path, one may

Betir'd before he find the way;

Nay, when he's at his treasure,

The gap perhaps will prove so straight,

That he for entrance long may wait,

And make a toil of's pleasure.

3.

Or if one old, and past her doing,

He will the chamber-maid be wooing.

To buy her ware the cheaper;

But if he chuse one most formose,

Ripe for't, she'll prove libidinous,

*Argus* himself sha'nt keep her.

4. For

4.

For when these things are neatly drest,  
 They'l entertain each wanton guest,  
 Nor for your honour care;  
 If any give their pride a fall,  
 Th'ave learn'd a trick to bear withall,  
 So you their charges bear.

5.

Or if you chance to play your game  
 With a dull, fat, gross, heavy Dame,  
 Your riches to encrease,  
 Alasse! she will but jear you for't,  
 Bid you to find out better sport,  
 Lie with a pot of grease.

6.

If meager—be thy delight,  
 She'l conquer in venereal fight,  
 And waste thee to the bones.  
 Such kind of girles like to your Mill,  
 The more you give, the more crave they will,  
 Or else they le grind the stones.

7.

If black, 'tis ods she's divlish proud;  
 If short, Zantippe like, too loud,  
 If long, she'l lazy be,  
 Foolish (the Proverb sayes) if fair;  
 If wise and comely danger's there,  
 Lest she do Cukcoid thee.

8. If

**8.**

If she bring store of money, such  
 As like to domineer too much,  
 Prove Mrs, no good Wife :  
 And when they cannot keep you under,  
 They'll fill the house with scolding thunder,  
 What worse then such a life ?

## 9.

But if their Dowry only be  
Beauty, farewell felicity,  
Thy fortune 's cast away.  
Thou must be sure to satisfy her  
In belly, and in back desire,  
To labour night and day.

## 10

And rather then her pride give o're,  
She'l turn perhaps an honour'd whore,  
and thou'lt *Aleon*'d be,  
Whilest like *Aleon* thou mayest weep,  
To think thou forced art to keep  
Such as devoure thee?

## 11.

If being Noble thou dost wed  
A servile creature, basely bred,  
Thy family it defaces;  
If being mean, one nobly born,  
She'll swear to exalt a Courtlike horn,  
Thy low descent it graces.

12.

If one tongue be too much for any,  
 Then he who takes a wife with many;  
 Knows not what may betide him.  
 She whom he did for the learning honour,  
 To scold by book will take upon her,  
 Rhetorically chide him.

13.

If both her parents living are,  
 To please them you must take great care,  
 Or spoil your future fortune;  
 But if departed chide this life  
 You must be parent to your wife,  
 And father all, be certain.

14.

If bravely drest fair fac'd and witty,  
 She'll oft be gadding to the City,  
 Nor can you say her nay.  
 She'll tell you (if you her deny)  
 Since women have terms she knows not why,  
 But they still keep them may.

15.

If thou make choice of Countrey ware,  
 Of being Cuckold there's less fear;  
 But stupid honesty  
 May teach her how to sleep all night,  
 And take a great deal more delight,  
 To milk the Cowes than cheere  
 M Concoction

16.

Concoction makes their blood agree  
 Too near, where's consanguinity ;  
 Then let no kin be chosen.  
 He loofeth on part of his treasure,  
 Who thus confineth all his pleasure  
 To th' arms of a first Cozen.

17.

He'l never have her at command,  
 Who takes a Wife at second hand ;  
 Then chuse no widowed mother.  
 The first cut of that bit you love,  
 If others had, why main't you prove  
 But taster to another?

18.

Besides if she bring children many,  
 'Tis like by thee she'll not have any,  
 But prove a barren Doe :  
 Or if by them she ne're had one,  
 By thee 'tis likely shee'l have none.  
 Whilst thou for weak-back go.

19.

(sowing)

For there were other Gardner's have been  
 Their seed but ne're could find it growing,  
 You must expect so too  
 And where the *Terra incognita*  
 So'r plow'd, you must it fallow lay,  
 And still for weak-back go.  
 20. Then

20.

Then trust not a maiden face,  
Nor confidence in widowes place ;

Those weaker vessels may  
Spring leak, or split, against a rock,  
And when your fame's wrapt in a smock,  
Tis easily cast away.

21.

Yet be she fair, foul, short, or tall,  
You for a time may love them all,  
Call them your soul, your life,  
And one by one them undermine,  
As Courtizan, or Concubine,  
But never as married Wife  
He who considers this may end the strife,  
Confesse no trouble like unto a Wife.

M 2

A N

## AN ELEGIE

On

Mr. John Cleaveland.

**P** Rime Wits are prun'd the first this may appear  
 By that high valued piece interred here;  
 Whose Laureat Genius wrapt with sacred skill  
 Prov'd his extraction from *Parnassus* Hill:  
 Whose Fame, like *Pallas* Flame, shone in each  
 Crowning his Fancy royally divine. (clime.  
 Rich in Elixir'd measures, and in all  
 That could breath Sense in airs Emphaticall,  
 Pure Love his Native influence, a lot of *Scot*,  
 Given him from Heaven, No people save the  
 But did affect him: — These had lov'd him too,  
 Had he school'd *Baseness* with a smoother Brow;  
 But is refined temper scorn'd to engage  
 His *Pent* to time, or humour any age.

Compleat in all that might true honour gain,  
 Onely an enemy to *Withers* Strain:  
 Holding it still the Prodigy of Time  
 To Canonize a Poet for a Ryme.

Free in fruition of himself: Content,  
 In what dis-relish'd servile Sp'rits, *Restraint*.  
 New some will say, his *Volume* was too small,  
 To rear an *Hermian* Arch or *Escurell*

To

To his dilated Fame:—O do not put  
 These frivolous Obj:ctions! *Homers* Nut  
 Inclos'd a *living Iliad*. 'Tis not much  
 Perpetuates our memory, but such  
 As can act wonders and apply a cure  
 To States surprized with a Calenture:  
 And which their Quill beyond all Chymick Art  
 Purge the corruptions of a state-sick Heart  
 By rare *Phlebotomy*:—This art was his,  
 Which made his name so pretious as it is.  
 Such was the Practice of a *Golden Time*  
 To spare the Person, but to tax the Crime:  
 Age is not summon'd by years but hours as Times  
 So works, are ballanc'd, not by *Leafs* but *Lines*.  
*clitus* affirm'd, and bound it with an Oath  
 That *Celsus* Poems were mere food for th' Moth:  
 And for those *Manuscripts* which *Mevius* writ,  
 They might be sty'd the Surpuedry of Wit.

Look home, & weigh the Fancies of these days,  
 And you'l conclude, they merit equall praise:  
 A Title or a Frontispiece in plate  
 Drawn from a Person of desertless State,  
 Lures Legions of Admirers—Wits must want  
 That hold a distance with the Sycophant.  
 Timists be onely thrivers: But a brain  
 Thats freely generous scorns servile gain.  
 Such was this pure *Parnassian* whose clear nature  
 To gain a world could never brook to flatter.  
 Poize this *Imparalel*; and you will find  
 A Mine of treasures in a matchless mind,

"No more ! the Name of Cleaveland speaks to  
 "A living Annal, dying Elegie. (me

Upon the pitiful Elegy writ lately  
 on him ; modestly taxed, and freely  
 Vindicated by the candid cen-  
 sure of an indeared Brother.

**S**ince thy remove from Earth, there came to me  
 A Funerall Elegy addrest to thee :  
*Elegiacks made gracious by thy Name,  
 But too short lung'd to paralell thy Fame,  
 Laurel and Bays were the Subjects of his Pen,  
 Whose muddy Muse deserved none of them.  
 A sublimated stile bereft of Sense,  
 Is like a Brain-strap Justice on a Bench,  
 whose tones are thunder, Fury and command.  
 But in a Dialect none understand.  
 Thy native Fancy was no Lucian Dream,  
 Deriv'd from th' Chrystall Rills of Hypocrene;  
 Thy free-born Genius did it self express  
 In Phidias Colours without forreign dress  
 Much like the Damask rose, but newly blown,  
 And blusheth in no Tincture, but her own.*

Such was thy Poetic, which th' Albion State  
 May envy, or admire scarce imitate.  
 In purest Odes Birds should thy loss be mone  
 And in surviving measures, or in none

For these who want art to imbellish worth,  
Wrong them whom they endeavour to set  
forth.

---

"Sic perit ingenium, Genii ni pignora vitam.  
"Perpetuam statuunt, & Monumenta struant.  
"Aurea sic docilem coluerunt Secula varem,  
"Ordine *Pieridum* commemorando parem.

*Anson.*

# THE CHARACTER

## Of a London Diurnal.

**A** *Diurnal* is a punie *Cronicle*, scarce pin-feather'd with the wings of *time*. It is an *History* in *hippets*, the *English Illiads* in a nutshell; the *Apocryphal Parliaments Book* of *Mac-cabees* in single sheets; it would tire a *Welch-Pedigree*, to reckon up how many *Aps* 'tis removed from an *Annal*: For it is of that *Extract*, only of the younger house, like a *Shrimp* to a *Lob-ster*. The *Original Sinner* in this kind was Dutch *Gallobelgicus* the *Protoplast*; and the modern *Mer-curies* but *Hans-in-Kelders*. The *Countesse of Zealand* was brought to bed of an *Almanack*, as many children as dayes in the year: it may be the *Legislative Lady* is of that lineage; so she spawns the *Diurnals*, and they at *Westminster* take them in by the names of *Scoticus*, *Civicus*, *Britanicus*. In the *Frontispiece* of the old *Rel-dame Diurnal*, like the contents of the *Chapter*, sitteth the *House of Commons*, Judging the twelve Tribes of *Israel*. You may call them the *Kingdomes Anatomy* before the weekly *Kalendar*. For such is a *Diurnal*, the day of the month, with what weather in the *Common-wealth*. It is  
taken

taken for the pulse of the *Body politic*, and the *Emperick Divines of the Assembly*, those *spiritual Dragooners*, thumb it accordingly. Indeed it is a pret y *Synopsis*: and those grave *Rabbies*, (though in point of *Divinity*) trade in no larger Authors. The *Country Carrier*, when he buys it for the *Vicar*, miscalls it the *Urinal*: yet properly enough, for it casts the water of the *State*, ever since it staled blood. It differs from an *Aulicus*, as the *Divel* and his *Exorcist*; or as a *black witch* doth from a *white* one, whose office is to unravel her *inchantments*.

It begins usually with an *Ordinance*, which is a *Law still-born*, dropt before quickned by the *Royall assent*: 'Tis cwn of the *Parliaments by-blows* (acts being legitimate) and hath no more *Syre* than the *Spanish Ginnet*, that is begotten by the wind.

Thus their *Malitia* (like its patron *Mars*) is the issue onely of the *Mother*, without the concurrence of *Royall Jupiter*. Yet *Law* it is, if they vote it, though in defiance of their *Fundamentals*; like the old *Sexton*, who swore his *Clock* went true, what ever the sun said to the contrary.

The next ingredients of a *Diurnal* is *plots*, horrible plots, which with wonderfull sagacity it hunts dry-foot, while they are yet in their causes, before *Materia prima* can put on her sinock. How many such fits of the *Mother* have troubled the *Kingdoms*, and (for all Sir wal-

ter

ter Earl looks like a Man-midwife ) not yet delivered of so much as a *cushion*. But *Actors* must have their *Properties*; and since the *Stages* were voted down the only *Play-house* is at *Westminster*.

Sutable to their plots are their *Informers*, *Skippers*, and *Taylours*, *Spaniels* both for the land and *water*. Good conscionable intelligence! For however *Pim's* bill may inflame the *reckoning*, the *honest vermine* have not so much for *lying* as the *publick Faith*.

Thus a *zealous Barbar* in *Moor fields*, while he was contriving some *Querpo-cut* of *Church-Government*, by the help of his *out-lying ears*, and the *Otacoysticon* of the *Spirit*, discovered such a *Plot*, that *Selden* intends to combat *Antiquity*, and maintain it was a *Taylors Goose*, that preserved the *Capitol*.

I wonder my *Lord of Canterbury* is not once more all to-be-traytor'd for dealing with the *Lyons*, to settle the *Commission of Array* in the *Tower*. 't would do well to cram the *Articles Dormant*, besides the opportunity of reforming those *Beasts of the Prerogative*? and changing their *profaner names* of *Harry* and *Charles* into *Nehemiah* and *Eleazar*.

Suppose a *Corn-cutter*, being to give little *Isaac* a cast of his *office*, should fall to paring his *Brows*, mistaking the one end for the other, because he branches at both: This would be a *plot*, and the next *Diurnal* would furnish you with his *scail of Votes*.

Re-

*Resolved upon the Question*, that this act of the *Corn-cutter* was an absolute invasion of the *Cities Charter*, in the representative forehead of *Isaac*.

*Resolved*, that the evil *Connseillers* about the *Corn-cutter* are Popishly effected, and enemies to the State.

*Resolved*, that there be a publick thanksgiving for the great deliverance of *Isaac's Brown-antlers*, and a solemn *Covenant* drawn up, to defie the *Corn-cutter*, and all his works.

Thus the *Quixots* of this age, fight with the *windmills* of their own heads, quell *Monsters* of their own creation, make plots and then discover them: as who fitter to unkennel the *Fox*, than the *Tarrier* that is a part of him?

In the third place march their *Adventurers*: the *Round-heads Legend*, the *Rebels Romance*, stories of a larger size than the ears of their *Seet*, able to strangle the belief of a *Solifidian*.

Ile present them in their order; and first as a *Whiffler* before the show, enter *Stamford*, one that trod the stage with the first, travest his ground, made a leg and *Exit*. The *Country-people* took him for one, that by *Order* of the *Houses*, was to dance a *Morrice* through the *West of England*. Well! he is a nimble *Gentleman*, set him upon *Banks* his horse in a saddle rampant and it is a great question, which part of the *Centaur* shews better tricks,

There

There was a vote passing to translate him, with all his equipage, into Monumentall Ginger bread, but it was crossed by the Female Committee, alledging, that the Valour of his Image would bite their children by the tongues.

This Cubit and a half of Commander, by the help of a *Diurnal*, routed his enemies fifty miles off: It is strange you will say, and it is generally be'ieved, he would as soon do it at that distance, as nearer hand. Sure it was his Sword, for which the weapon-salve was invented, that so wounding and healing, lik: loving *Correlates*, might both work at the same removes,

But the Squib is run to the end of the Rope; Room for the *Prodigy of Valour*, *Madam Atropos* in breeches, *Waller's* Knight-Errantry and because every *Mountebanck* must have his zany, throw him *Hazelrig* to set of the Story; these two like *Bell* and the *Dragon*, are alwayes worshipped in the same Chapter, they hunt in their couples; what one doth at the head, the other scores up at the heel.

Thus they kill a man over and over, as *Hopkins* and *Sternhold* murder the Psalmes with another to the same, one chimes all in, and then the other strikes up as the *Saints-bell*.

I wonder for how many lives my Lord *Hopton* took the Lease of his body.

First *Stamford* slew him: then *Waller* our-killed

killed that half a bar ; and yet it is thought the  
fullen Corps would scarce bleed, were both these  
Man-slayers never so near it.

The same goes of a Dutch-headsman, that  
he would do his office with so much ease and  
dexterity, that the head after execution should  
stand upon the shoulders; pray God Sir *William*  
be not probationer for the place. For as if  
he had the like knack too, most of those whom  
the *Diurnals* hath slain for him, to us poor mor-  
tals seem untoucht.

Thus the Artificers of Death can kill the man,  
without wounding the body, like Lightning  
that melts the sword, and never singes the  
Scabbard.

This is the *William*, whose Lady is the *Con-  
querour*: This is the *City-Champion*, and the  
*Diurnals* delight, he that Cuckolds the Generall  
in his Commission: For he stalks with *Essex*,  
and shoots under his belly, because his Excel-  
lency himself is not charged there. Yet in all  
this triumph, there is a Whip and a Bell: trans-  
late but the Scene to *Rogues-way Down*. There  
*Hazlerigs* Lobsters were turned into Crabs, and  
crawled backwards: there poor Sir *William* ran  
to his Wife for a use of consolation.

But the *Diurnal* is weary of the arm of flesh,  
and now begins an *Hosanna* to *Cromwel*, one  
that hath beat up his drums clean thorough the  
Old Testament; you may learn the Genealogie  
of

of our Saviour, by the names of his Regiment. The Muster Master uses no other List than the first chapter of *Matthew*.

With what face can they object to the King the bringing in of Forraigners, when themselves entertain such an Army of *Hebrews*? This  *Cromwell* is never so valorous, as when he is making Speeches for the Association; which nevertheless he doth some what ominously with his neck awry, holding up his ear, as if he expected *Mahomets* Pidgeon to come and prompt him. He should be a bird of prey too by his bloody beak; his Nose is able to try a young Eagle, whether she be lawfully begotten. But all is not gold that glisters: What we wonder at in the rest of them is naturall to him, to kill without blood-shed: for the most of his Trophies are in a Church-window, when a Looking-glass would shew him more Superstition. He is so perfect a hater of Images, that he hath defaced God's in his own countenance. If he deals with men, 'tis when he takes them napping in an old Monument then down goes dust and asher: and the stoutest cavalier is no better. O brave Oliver! Times Voider, Subfizer to the worms: in Whom Death, who formerly devoured our Ancestors, now chews the cud. He said grace once, as if he would have fallen aboard with the *Marquess of Newcastle*: nay and the *Diurnal* gave you his bill of fare, but it proved a running banquet

banquet, as appears by the story. Believe him as he whistles to his *Cambridge* team of *Committee men*, and he doth wonders. But *holy men* (like the *holy Language*) must be read backwards. They rife *Colledges* to promote *Learning*, and pull down *Churches* for *edification*. But *Sacriledges* is entailed upon him: There must be a *Cromwell* for *Cathedrals*, as well as for *Abbeys*: a secure sin, whose offence carries its pardon in its mouth: For how can he be hang'd for *Church robbery*, that gives himself the benefit of the *Clergy*.

But for all *Cromwells* Nose wears the *Dominical* Letter compared to *Manchester*, he is but like the *Vigils* to an *holy day*. This, this is the man of God, a sanctified *Thunderbolt*, that *Barrroughs*, in a proportionable blasphemy to his *Lord of Hosts*, would stile him the *Archangel* giving battle to the *Devil*.

Indeed, as the *Angels*, each of them make a severall *species*, so every one of his *Souldiers* is a distinct *Church*. Had these beasts been to enter into the *Ark*, it would have puzzled *Noah* to have suited them into pairs. If ever there were a rope of sand, it were so many *Sects* twisted into an *Association*.

They agree in nothing, but they are all *Adamites* in understanding. It is the sign of a coward to wink and fight; yet all their valour proceeds from their ignorance.

But

But I wonder whence their Generals purity proceeds ; it is not by traduction : if he was begotten a Saint it was by equivocal generation : for the Devil in the father , is turn'd Monk in the Son , so his godliness is of the same parentage with good Laws , both extracted of bad manners ; and would he alter the Scripture , as he hath attempted the Creed , he might vary the Text , and say to corruption , *Thou art my Father.*

This is he , that hath put out one of the Kingdomes eyes , by clouding our Mother-University ; and ( if this Scotch mist further prevail ) will extinguish this other. He hath the like quarrel to both , because both are strung with the same *Optick nerve* , *Knowing Loyalty*. Barbarous Rebel ! who will be revenged upon all Learning , because his Treason is beyond the mercy of the book.

The *Diurnal* as yet hath not talk'd much of Victories , but there is the more behind : For the Knight must alwayes beat the Giant : that's resolved. If any thing fall out amisse , which can not be smothered , the *Diurnal* hath a help at Maw , it is but putting to Sea , and taking a *Danish Fleet* , or brewing it with some successe out of Ireland , and it goes down merrily.

There are more Puppets that move by the wyre of a *Diurnal* , as *Brereton* and *Gell* , two of *Mars* his petty-toes : such snivelling Cowards ,  
that

that it is a Favour to call them so. Was *Brereton* to fight with his teeth, as in all other things he resembled the *Beast*, he would have odds of any man at the weapon: O he's a terrible slaughter man, at a thanksgiving Dinner: had he been a *Cannabal*, to have eaten those that he vanquish'd, his gut would have made him valiant.

The greatest wonder is at *Fairfax*, how he comes to be a babe of Grace. Certainly it is not in his personall, but (as the *State-Sophies* distinguish) in his Politick capacity; regenerated *ab extra*, by the zeal of the house he sate in, as Chickens are hatch'd at *Grand Cairo*, by the adoption of an Oven.

There is the *Woodmonger* too, a feeble Crutch to a declining cause; a new branch of the old *Oak of Reformation*.

And now I speak of Reformation, *vouz avez* *Fox*, the Tinker, the liveliest embleme of it that may be; For what did this Parliament ever go about to reform, bur Tinker-wise in mending one hole they made three?

But I have not Inke enough to cure all the Tettors and Ring-worms of the State.

I will close up all thus: The Victories of the Rebels are like the Magicall Combat of *Apulius*, who thinking he had slain all three of his Enemies, found them at last, but a Triumvirate of Bladders. Such and so empty are the triumphs of a *Diurnal*, but so many imposthumated

*The Character of a*  
Fancies, so many bladders of their own blowing.

*The Character of a Countrey Committee-man,  
with the Ear mark of a Sequestrator.*

**A** Committee-man by his name should be one that is possessed, there is number enough in his name to make an Epithet for Legion; he is *Persona in concreto* (to borrow the *Solécisme* of a modern States man) you may translate it by the Red-bull phrase, and speak as properly, enter seven Devills *solus*: It is a well trus'd title, that contains both the number and the Beast. For a Committee-man is a noun of multitude; he must be spelled with figures, like Antichrist wrapped in a pair-royall of Sixes: Thus the name is as Monstruous as the Man, a compleat notion of the same lineage with accumulative treason: For his office is the Heptarchy of *Englands* Fitters: it is the broken meat of a crumbling Prince, only the Royalty is great; for it is here, as in the miracle of loaves, the voider exceeds the Bill of fare; the Pope and herings the change; here is the plurality of Crowns to one head; joyn them thgether, and there is a harmony in discord, the tripple headed Porter of Hell. A Committee-man is the Reliques of Regall Government, but (like holy Reliques) he out bulks the substance, whereof he is a remnant,  
There

There is a score of Kings in a Committee, as in the reliques of the Cross there is the number of twenty. This is the Gyant with the hundred hands, that weilds the Scepter, the tyrannicall Bead-Roll, by which the Kingdome prayes backward, and with a kind of *Rebus*, at every curse drops a Committee-man. Let *CHARLES* be waved, whose conducing clemency aggravates the defection, and makes *Nero* the question, better a *Nero* then a Committee. There is less execution by a single bullet, than by case-shot.

Now a Committee-man is a party-coloured officer, he must be drawn like *Janus* with Cross and Pile in his countenance, as he relates to the Souldiers, or face about to his fleecing the Country. Look upon him *Martially*, and he is a Justice of war; one that hath bound his *Dalton* up in Biff, and will needs be of the *Quorum* to the best Commanders; he is one of *Adams* his Lay-Elders; he shares in the Government, though a Non-conformist to his bleeding Rubrick he is the like Sectary in armes, as the Platonick is in love, keeps a flattering in discourse, but proves Haggard in the action; he is not of the Souldiers, and yet of his flock; it is an emblem of the golden Age (and such indeed he makes it) to him, when so tame a pidgeon may converse with Vultures. Methinks a Committee hanging about a Governour, and Bandilers dantling about a sur'd *Alderman*, have an Anagram re-

semblance; there is no Syntax between a Cap of maintenance and a helmet. Who ever knew an enemy routed by a grand Jury, and a *Billa vera*? It is a left-handed Garrison, where their authority perches; but the more preposterous, the more in fashion: The right-hand fights, while the left rules the reins: The truth is, the Souldier and the Gentleman are like *Don Quixot* and *Sancha Pancha*, one fights at all adventures to purchase, the other the Government of the Island. A Committee-man properly should be the Governors Maitross to fit his truckle, to raise Assessements in the nabouring Wapentake. The Countrey people being like an Irish Cow, that will not give down her milke, unless she see her Calf before her: Hence it is, he is the Garrisons dry Nurse, he chews their Contribution before he feeds them; so the poor Souldiers live like *Trochilus*, by picking the teeth of this sacred Crocodile. So much for his warlike or ammunition face, which is so preternatural; that it is rather a visard then a face, *Mars* in him hath a blinking aspect, his face of *Armes* is like his coat *parte per pale*, Souldier and Gentleman, much of a scandling. Now enter his Taxing and deglubing face: a squeezing look like that of *Ve-spasianus*, as if he were breeding over a clofestoole. Take him thus, and he is in the inquisition of the purse an authentick Gypse, that nips your Bung with a canting Ordinance; not a murther-

murthered fortune in all the Countrey, but bleeds at the touch of this malefactor. He is the spleen of the body politick, that swells it self to the consumption of the whole. At first indeed he ferretted for the Parliament, but since he hath got off his Cope, he set up for himself; he lives upon the sins of the people, and thats a good standing dish too; he verities the Axiom, *Isidem nutritur ex quibus componitur*, his diet is suitable to his constitution. I have wondred often why the plundred Countrey men should repair to him for succour; certainly it is under the same notion, as one whose pockets are pickt goes to *Mal-cut-purse*, as the predominant in that faculty. He out dives a Dutchman, gets a Noble of him, that was never worth six-pence; for the poorest do not escape, but Dutch like he will be dreyning even the driest ground; he aliens a Delinquents estate with as little remorse as his Holiness giveth away an Hereticks kingdome; and for the truth of the delinquency, both Chapmen have as little share of infallibility. Lye is the grand Sallad of Arbitrary Government, Executor to the Star-Chamber, and the high Commission; for those Courts are not extinct, they survive in him, like Dollars changed into single money: To speak the truth he is the universal Tribunal: for since these times, all causes fall to his cognizance, as in a great infection all diseases turn oft to the Plague. It

concerns our Masters the Parliament to look about them ; if he proceedeth at this rate , the Jack may come to swallow the the Pike ; as the Interest often eats out the principal. As his commands are great, so he looks for a Reverence accordingly. He is punctual in exacting your hat, and to say right it is his due : but by the same title as the upper garment is the vails of the Executioner. There was a time when such cattel would hardly have been taken upon suspicion of men in office , unless the old Proverb were renewed, that the beggars make a free company and chose their Wardens. You may see, what it is to hang together ; look upon them severally , and you cannot but fumble for some threads of charity : But O they are Tarmagrants in conjunction ! like Fiddlers who are rogues when they go single , and joyned in consort , Gentlemen Musicianers. I care not much if I untwist my Committee-man, and so give him a receipt of his grand Catholicon.

Take a State-Martyr, one that for his good behaviour hath paid the excise of his ears , so suffered captivity by the Land Piracy of Ship-money ; next a Primitive Freeholder , one that hates the King, because he is a Gentleman , transgressing the *Magna Charta* of Delving *Adam*. Add to these a mortified bankrupt , that helps out his false weights with some scruples of Conscience , and with his peremptory scales  
can

can doom his Prince with a *Mene Tekel*. These with a new blue stockin'd Justice, lately made of a good basket-hilted Yeoman, with a short-handed Clerk, tackt to the rear of him to carry the Knapfnack of his understanding, together with two or three equivocall Sirs, whose Religion like their Gentility, is the extract of their Acres, being therefore spiritual, because they are earthly, nor forgetting the man of the Law, whose corruption gives the *Hogon* to the sincere Juncto. These are the simples of this precious compound, a kind of Dutch Hotch-potch, the *Hogan Mogan* Committee-man.

A Committee-man hath a Side-man, on rather a setter-hight, a Sequestrator, of whom you may say, as of the great Sultans horse, where he treads the grass grows no more. He is the States Cormorant, one that fishes for the publick, but feeds himself; the misery is, he fishes w<sup>th</sup>out the Cormorants property, a rope to strengthen the gullet, and to make him disgeorge. A Sequestrator! He is the Devils Nut-hook, the sign with him is alwayes in the clutches. There are more Monsters retain to him, than to all the limbs in Anatomy. It is strange Physicians do not apply him to the soles of the feet in a desperate Feaver; he draws far beyond Pigeons: I hope some Monntebank will slice him, and make the experiment. He is a Tooth-drawer once removed, here is the difference;

one applauds the Grinder, the other the Grist. Never till now could I verifie the Poets description, that the ravenous harpy had a humane visage: Death it self cannot quit scores with him; Like the Demoniack in the Gospell, he lives among Tombs, nor is all the holy water shed by Widows and Orphans a sufficient Exorcism to dispossesse him. Thus the Cat sucks your breath, and the fiend your blood; Nor can the brotherhood of Witch-finders, so sagely instituted with their terrour, wean the Familiars.

But once more to single out my imboft Committee-man, his fate (for I know you would fain see an end of him) is either a whipping Audit, when he is wrung in the withers by a Committee of Examinations; and so the sponge weeps out the moisture which he soaked before; Or else he meets his passing peal in the clamorous mutiny of a gut-foundred Garrison; For the Hedge-Sparrow will be feeding the Cuckow, till he mistak's her Commons and bites of her head. What ever 'tis, it is with in his desert: For what is observed of some creatures, that at the same time they trade in productions three stories high; suckling the first, big with the second, and clucketing for the third. A Committee-man is the Counterpoint; his mischief in superfetation, a certain scale of destruction; for he ruins the Father, beggers  
the

the Sn, and strangles the hopes of all posterity.

*A Letter to a Friend dissuading him from his attempt to marry a NUN.*

SIR,

THOUGH no mans arms can be opened wider to receive you on shore and give you possession of this breast, yet I know not whether with the usual complement I may welcome you home, as doubting your Countrey may have mew'd that relation in so long an absence, she having expos'd her noblest Issue, being conviction enough to make you disclaim her. Besides there is such a new face of things since your departure, that what was formerly the Character of the inhabitant, is now the Kingdomes, *To be a stranger at home*, insomuch as were you design'd for a second journey, it might be part of your business to travel other Countreys in quest of your own. Indeed she is but an alien in her looks, that most of her Off-spring dare not ask her blessing: her countenance is not denizen of her self; you would think her to be some floating Island, that had made a voyage onely to truck for an outlandish visage. Some who have spell'd her lineaments, say she copies out the *Dutch*, and to make good the parallel, they doubt not to instance our *Hogan* Governours. It is in a bre-  
ken

ken Kingdome, as in a crack'd Looking-Glass where instead of one face, that Monarch-like, should represent the whole, you may see variety of lesser ones, glimmering in its room, and the Aspects of all of them fierce and frowning. Well then a forreigner she is, and her complexion borrowed; so that as our new Philosophers would have the Earth to move, and the heavens stand still, the same may be said of the State of ours, and the Royall train that you were part of. It was the Kingdome wandered, not you that left it. You are fix'd, and *England* in exile. When a Countrey reels from its settled posture, there is no defection in him that quits it, it having first abandon'd it self. In this case, though it be a fallacy in the sence, it holds good in reason, that the shore moves and falls off from the Sailor. When you see Sir, there is some possibility I might reverse your travels, were it not for one argument which abundantly confirms them, the sage experience you have treasur'd up in your observations: for no sooner had you lost your native soil, but by way of reprisal you took in others. The Dominions you visit you carry along with you, and by a victorious industry make them pay tribute to your understanding; not like a number of our roaring Gallants, who return so empty and without their errand as in their travell like the Witches in the air, were  
nothing

nothing but the wastage of a deluded phantasy, perswading themselves, that they circle the Globe, when the Card, they sail by, is nothing else but a slumbering imposture. But methinks we are too grave Sir, what if we unbend a while, and tell you that in all your Errantry, there is no adventure so much affects me, as that of the *Nun*: where I cannot determine, whether your love it self were more exotick, or the form of accosting it: For although it be natural for jealousy to study fornication, and every Cuckold within his own precincts to be an Engineer, yet never before have I heard of a Mistress fenc'd with a poor-cullice, or an amorous visit manag'd with the caution, which suspicious Kings use in an interview. This manner of greeting may not unfity be termed *Cupid's Barriers*, breathing exercise rather then a combat, where the dallying Champions have a rail to part them, that they may not fight it out to the uttermost. Had your old Romancing spirit possess'd you, the brandish'd blade would have freed the Lady from her enchanted durance; nor had you been less concerned in the rescue, than the fair Recluse; for who, that blows short in expectation of his love, and in that heat of impatience should be sever'd from his hopes by a few envious bars, would not feel himself like another *S. Lawrence* bro. I'd on a Gridiron? But see how customs

stones may vary with the clime ! As there are some Regions, who salute one another by putting off their shooes instead of their hats : so it seems where you have been, there is as different a form of imprisonment ; the Prisoner is at large and without the grate wishing for admittance, and she, at whose suit his soul is arrested close clapt up and abridged of liberty. Sure at this gate those *Chrysom*-lovers called *Platonick* had their first training ; those squeasie gamsters thar diet themselves with the very notion of mingling souls without putting their bodies to further brokage, than kissing of hands, and twisting of eye-beams. For your part Sir, you are none of those puling stomachs, you have an appetite for a whole Cloister. It is but trifling sports for you to pull down the Out-lier, unless you leap the pale, and let slip at the herd. I wonder what exorcisme the Abbess used to get quit of the *Incubus* : for had she not checked your hovering temptations, I am confident by this time you had transformed the Covent, and turned the *Nunnery* into a *Seraglio*. But in sober sadness why a *Nun* ? Sir, how come you out of the active torrent into that solitary creek ! Princes seldome great of Matches but in forzeign Dominions ; your affections takes greater stay, as fixing upon one of another world ; had your passion been centred on the beauty of her soul,

I had looked upon it as the act of your conversion; such a love might justly have been christened by the name of Zeal, being settled on a person, on whom to be enamoured is in a sort to take Orders. Hence it is, there want not some who suspect our Religion, least equivocating from the beauty of her person, to that of her profession, you should turn Monastick. Others, who are better acquainted with the warmth of your temper are rather solicitous for the Church in generall, for fear least with *Luther* you should marry a *Nun*, and so with him to make her a Joynture in a new Religion. If this be your plot, consider, I pray you, how difficult it is to innovate further in this age of Novelties, when the world is so spent in new inventions, that for want of gain, even rust and rottenness are flourished over with a seeming verdure; not one of all those beldam heretics, that did penance formerly by the doom of the Ancients, but hath cast her skin since these confusions, and giveth her self out for a blooming Virgin. But, I think, I may spare this piece of Counsel: I dare be your compurgator for meddling with Religion. That which fired your spirits was the Ambition of the enterprize; nor could you entertain a more aspiring frenzy, but by making to a glorified body. Tell me, I pray you, how many beads did you drop in wooing? By what Liturgy did you

you frame your courtship? Laick applications are here scandalous, nor will it avail to say you languish without compassion: a sensuall man is able to vitiate the vestall flame even by his martyrdome. Other lovers in the jollity of their trope; use to cannonize their Mistresses, as being of opinion; that the native rubrick of their cheeks hath hallowed them; will you run counter to their consecration, and degrade a Saint by Morall addresses? If you have no room in your Kalendar for persons upon earth, yet do not prophane a probationer of heaven, as if the readiest way to rectifie Superstition were, with our Modern Reformers to bow it into Atheisme. Let me advise you Sir, to retrieve your self back from this carnall sacriledge. Catch not at *Herostratus* his fame by setting fire on the Temple; and dispute not a shape of guilt with *Lucifer*, in causing a second fall of Angels: Nay never start Sir, nor look about at the expression; for I perswade my self that those Divines, who allot to each of us a tutelar Angell for our protection, would not prejudice their opinion, should they leave her to her own tuition, as hardly knowing in such a Person how to distinguish between the Charge and the Guardian. Sir, I was entreated by our noble friend, that what my Phantasie suggested upon this subject, I would mould into number; but I must beg  
your

your pardon it being a Request, with which to comply were to be your Fellow criminal, and by a conformity of guilt, to pervert a votary; for even my Muse is vowed and veild too; she is set apart for the service of my Mistress, and what is that but even true Religion? The truth is she is so charily confined to that sole employment, that should I in verse attempt to yeild you an account how much I honour you, not a whole grove of Laurell would bribe her to a Distick; whereas in transitory prose where I master of all those languages, which I make no question, but you have gain'd by your travels, I should hold them all to few to give you sufficient assurance, that I am.

*Sir,*

*Your most faithful,*

## LETTERS.

*SIR,*

**T**Hough I have no reason to be guilty of much good meaning to your Garrison, yet I thought it not unfit to tell you, that on Friday last, one *Hill* by name, in no other condition than my servant, entred your Ark, and with him of my monies 133. 0. 8. this precise sum I was willing you should know, supposing  
your

your wisdom might own the monies, though your honesty could hardly allow the act, which if so, and that hereafter we shall find it no sin to violate your sanctuary; and upon the audit find the receipt, we may happily count it a loan and not a loss, it being in hands responsible for greater matters: and now Sir let me speak to you as a judge, not as an advocate, give the fellow his just reward, prefer him or send him hither, and we shall, if you dare not trust him, let him be trussed; If you dare, I shall wish you more such servants, and for that only reason excuse me for the present, that I dare not say I am yours: W. E.

*The Answer.*

**S**ixty; beloved is it so, that our brother and fellow-labourer in the Gospel is start aside! then this may serve for an use of instruction, not to trust in man, or in the Son of man. Did not *Demas* leave *Paul*? Did not *Onesimus* run from his Master *Philemon*? Also this should teach us to imploy our talents, and not lay them up in a napkin. Had it been done among the Cavaliers it had been just, then the Israelite had spoiled the Egyptian; But for *Simeon* to plunder *Levi*; that-that! You see what use Sir, I make of your doctrine you sent to me, and indeed since you change stile so far as to nibble at wit, you must pardon it to quit scores: I pretend a little to a  
gift

gift in preaching. Sir, I expected to hear from you in the phrase of the lost Groat, and the prodigall Son, and such a *tantum* of language; but I perceive your communication is not alwayes yea, yea, but now and then a little harlottry Rhetorick: you say, that your man is entred our Ark, I am sorry you are so ignorant in Scripture, as to let him come single: The text had been better satisfied, if you had pleased to bear him company, for then the beasts had entred by couples. But though he came alone, yet well lined it seems, 133. o. 8. sure the Hue and Cry had good lungs, it would have been out of breath else, before it had reached the 8. Thus is the sum, but why you call it the precise sum, since it is fallen away, I understand not: but how come you to reckon so punctually? Did *Ananias* tell it upon the Table-Dormant? What year of the persecution of the Saints? I wonder, you did not rather count it by the shekels, that is the more sanctified coyn. I take it you are mistaken in the Sanctuary you speak of; for that which your man hath taken is *wilbeck*, one of our Chappels of ease, not the mother Church, our Garrison of *Newark*. But the best is, they are both without the reach of your sacriledge. Whereas you count the losse but a loan, we shall grant as a debt, but bearing the same date of payment, as that which you borrowed on the publick Faith. I suspect your hand

was troubled with the Palsy when you wrote of a Judge: your man however shall find me an advocate; so what say you to an occasional meditation? Reflect but on your self, how you have used our common master, and I doubt not but then you will pardon your man; he hath but transcribed and copied out the disloyalty of his master, as his fraternity hath taught him; and to conclude with your own, I wish you more such servants and more such sums; to be derived to their proper channell, from whence it is imaginable that was purloyned.

J. C.

Sir,

**H**Ad not indulgent mercy provided for troubled Spirits sacred Oracles, how troubled had you been to contrive something worthy of laughter? How easily had the expence of your wit been trussed up in an Egg-shell? I dare not trace in holy ground, it is not save nibbling there; you see what doctrine I make of your use. But yet so far as yours is profane, give me leave to nibble at wit, though I dare undertake like a mighty Colosse (whose very motion doth cleave Land like *terram fudere*) to devour indigested lumps of wit, as the Cyclops men at a morsel, and then retail it out as a Jugler doth Inkle by the yard, all in Characters, and by couples entering the Ark upon account. Yet allow me to nibble, and I'll allow you the gift in preaching.

Pity

Pity it is the provision of so many savoury lessons, wholesome instructions, even so many pious collections, as might worthily have entailed you to the comfortable subsistence of a well gladd Vicaridge; besides the advantage of a wit, which would require another wit, to tell how great such a divine knowledge as might enable y<sup>e</sup> to prophane every leaf of holy writ, unknown sanctity, and a conscience so tender I dare not touch; Pity it is such accomplish'd gifts and prodigious Parts should be misemploy'd in secular affairs; such as an holy Father might have begot as many babes for the Mother-Church of *Newark*, as our party hath of late done *Garrisons*, and converted as many souls as *Chancers* Frier, with the shoulder-bone of the lost sheep. But you say, you expected: I thought you had had more than you expected; but however you expected penitential language and humble stile. The goat I will not meddle with, 'tis holy coyn, an address full of complaints. Sir, we (like your selves) can speak big of our losses, and yet with more ingenuity confess them; though I for modesty will not ask you, who stole from you of late a Fort-town, or who ran away with the King; but of that—for that precise sum; I see you are willing to quarrell at preciseness, it was to tell you revenge would have transformed it upon your very—How you quarrel at your good if had you

mistaken him for a tax-gatherer, and eas'd him of his portage, before he arriv'd at our Chapell of ease, I would not you should have abated him a fourth part of his forwardness, and put it upon the file of contribution for his Majesties good Garrison of *Newark*: I should have liked the security well, and when your works had failed to save you, expected a return upon the publick faith, the meditation whereof putteth me upon this advice; think not prophane-ness can compact with mudd, to cast up a trench of security; attempt not, though a Gyant, to reach at stars, to throw that Proverb at you,

*Be wise on this side Heaven.*

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### The Answer.

**T**HE Philosopher, that never laughed but once when he saw an Ass mūmbling of thistles, would have broke his spleen, at the rejoynder of yours; for who would not take that for an Embleme of this, observing how gingerly, and with what caution you nibble at my Letters, lest it should prick your chaps? But something must needs be reply'd: Repetitions are usual with the Saints at *Grantham*. I look upon your letter as a spittle-Sermon, where I perceive  
your

your ambition, how you would prove your self a clean beast, because you know how to chew the cud: For the first sentence, where you speak of troubled spirits, and sacred Oracles, you talk, as if you were in *Doll Commons* extasie; certainly your spirit is troubled, else your expressions had not run so muddy: for neyer was Oracle more ambiguous, if possible to be reconciled to sence. The wit which you say may be trussed up in an Egg-shell, I fear your Oval crown hath scarce capacity to contain: your disclame being a Coloss content; I have as diminutive thoughts of you, as you please. I take you for a Jack of Lent, and my pen shall make of you accordingly, three throws for a penny. But you cannot *Cleave-Land*, like *terram findere*. O what a cheargable commodity is wit at *Grantbam*, where the poor writer plays the pimp, and jumbles two Languages together in unlawfull sheets for the production of a quibble? But I applaud your Cunning, the more unknown the town is you jest in, your wit will be the better; and why cannot you *Cleave the Land*; Tread but hard, and your cloven foot will leave its impression; you talk of the Cyclops and Juglers; indeed hard words are the Juglers dialect: but take heed, the time may come, when unless you play *prestobe gone*, your run-away-King may cause you Juglers-wise to disgorge your fate, and vomit

a rope instead of ink. But to eccho your compassion, and return you an Inventory of your good party, is it not pity the pure extract of sanctified *Emanuel*, parboyled there in a Pipkin of Predestination, and since well read in the sick mans salve, and crumes of comfort, and liberally fed with all the minced meet in Divinity; Is it not pity such a pious gogle at the Eye, such a melodious twang at the Nose, such a splay mouth drawn dry, as it were edifying the ear in private, besides the Cheverall lungs which will stretch forth so far as seven-teenthly; Is it not pity these gallant ingredients of modern devotion, which might justly have qualified you for a tub-Lecture, and in time have enlarged our Diocess, as that of Hilbery, as those ineffable parts, that pass all understanding, should thus be sequestred from the primitive use, and of a godly Lance-pretense in the Church-militant, be converted to a brother of the blade: Such a walking Directory, such a zealous *Roger* as this, might have saved more souls, than ever *Sampson* slew, and with the same Engine, the Jaw-bone of an Ate; your pen is Coy, and you way the holy ground; and the holy Coyn with a squemith preterition: I am glad to hear you acknowledge there is an holy ground, for then I hope *Rutbam's* barn is not as good a Congregation, as Saint *Pauls*; for the holy coin you must

must pardon me, if I suspect the Chastity of your fingers. I am sure those of your party have been troubled with fellows; witness the Church-revenues, and several sacrilegious, that cannot be paired off with your nails; But there is another reason why I abstain from the ignominy of the Saints. You were in hopes to retrieve your money; but verily, verily, never springs the partridge. You would have your man taken for a tax-gatherer: Lord, how the stile alters! the man when he was with you, was one of the Scribes and Pharisees, and here he must pass for a Publican and sinner. Sir, we cast up no trench of security, though we might have dirt enough in your language to do it; and yet we hope to be saved by our works, for all the strength of your faith, whereby you hold yourselves able to remove mountains; for your advice not to throw stars at your head, I embrace it; for what need I as long as there is goose-shot to be had for money; my wit shall be on what side heaven you please, provided it be always antartick to yours: for the appellation of Giant, I accept it; onely I am sorry that I am not he with the hundred hands, that I might so often subscribe my self.

*Sir,*

*Your servant,*

Jo. Cl.

THE  
**CHARACTER**  
 OF

*A DIURNAL-MAKER.*

**A** *Diurnal-maker* is the Sub-almoner of History, Queen *Mabs* Register; on whom by the same figure, that a North-Country Pedler is a Merchant-man, You may stile an Author, it is the like over-reach of language, where every thin tinder-cloaked Quack as Doctor, when a Clumsy Cobler usurps the attribute of our English peers, and is vamped a Translator; list him a Writer and you smother *Geoffery* in swather slops; the very name of *Dabler* over sets him, he is swallowed up in the praise like Sir *Samuel Luke* in a great Saddle, nothing to be seen but the giddy Feather in his Crown. They call him a *Mercury*, but he becomes the Epithete, like the little *Negra* mounted on the Elephant, just such another blot-rampant. He has not stuffings sufficient for the reproach of a Scribler, but it hangs about him like an old wives skin, when the flesh hath forsaken her, lank and loose. He defames a good Title, as well as most of our modern Noble-men, those

those Weins of greatness, the body politicks most peccant humours, blistred into Lords. He hath so rawboned a Being, that however you render him, he rubs it out, and makes raggs of the expression. The silly Countrey-man (who seeing an Ape in a scarlet coat, blest his young worship, and gave his Landlord joy of the hopes of his house) did not slander his Complement with worse application, than he that names this shred an Historian. To call him an Historian: is to Knight a Mandrake, it is to view him through a perspective, and by that gross Hyperbole to give the reputation of an Engineer to a maker of Mousetraps: Such an Historian would hardly passe muster with a Scotch Stationer in a sieve full of ballads and Godly Beuks. He would not serve for the breast-plate of a begging Græcian. The most cramp *Compendium* that the age hath seen since all learning was torn into ends, out-strips him by the head: I have heard of Puppets that could prattle in a play, but never saw of their writings before. There goes a report of the *Holland* women, that together with their children they are delivered of a Sooterkin; not unlike to a Rat, which some imagin to be the Off-spring of the Stoves: I know not what *ignis fatuus* adulterates the press, but it seems much after that fashion, else how could this vermin think to be a Twin to a legitimate  
Writer,

Writer, when those weekly fragments shall passe for History? Let the poor mans box be intituled the Exchequer, and the Alms-basket a Magazine. Not a worm that knaws on the dull scalp of voluminous *Holinshed*, but at every meal devoured more Chronicle, than his tribe amounts to. A marginal note of *William Prinne* would serve for a winding-sheet for that mans works, like thick-skinned fruits are all rinde, fit for nothing, but the authors fate, to be parced in a Pillory,

The Cook, who served up the Dwarf in a Pye (to continue the frolique) might have lapped up such a Historian as this in the bill of fare. He is the first tincture and rudiment of a Writer, dipped as yet in the preparative blew, like an Almanack well willer. He is the Cadet of a Pamphleteer, the *Pedee* of a Romancer. He is the *Embrio* of an History, slinked before maturity; How should he record the issues of time, who himself is an abortive? I will not say, but he may passe for an Historian in *Gerbiere*s Academy, he is much of a size of those knot-grasse professors; What a pitifull Seminary was there projected, yet suitable enough to the present Universities, those dry Nurses, which the providence of the age has so fully reformed, that they are turned Reformadoes! But that is no matter, the meaner the better: It is a maxim observeable in these days,

days; that the onely way to win the game, is to play *petty Johns*. Of this number is the Esquire of the Quill; for he hath the grudging of *History*, and some yawnings accordingly. Writing is a disease in him, and holds like a quotidian; so it is his infirmity that makes him an Author: as *Mahomet* was beholding to the falling sickness to vouch him a *Prophet*. That nice Artificer, who filed a chain so thin and light; that a flea could trail it (as if he had worked short hand, and taught his tools to cypher) did but contrive an embleme for this skipjack, and his slight productions.

Me thinks the Turk should licence Diurnalls, because he prohibits learning and books. A Library of Diurnals is a wardrope of fripery; it is a just idea of the Limbo of Infants. I saw one once, that could write with his toes, by the same token I could have wished he had worn his copies for socks; it is he without doubt, from whom the Diurnals derive their pedigree, and they have a birth-right accordingly, being shuffled out at the beds feet of *History*. To what infinite numbers an Historian would multiply, should he crumble into elves of this profession? *Legioned Pymme*, whose flesh bred such a world of Executors, as being made of the roe of a Herring, of nothing else but compacted pits, did not disband his body in more variety.

To

To supply this smalness they are fain to joyn forces, so they are not single, but as the custome is, In a Croaking committee; They tug at the Pen, like slaves at the Oare, a whole bank together, they wait in the Posture, that the *Sweeds* give fire in, over one anothers heads. It is said there is more of them go to a suit of Cloaths than to *Britannicus*; in this Polygamy the Cloaths breed, and cannot determine, whose Issue is lawfully begotten:

And here, I think, it were not amisse to take a particular, how he is accounted, and so do by him, as he in his *Siguis* for the wall-eyed Mare, or the Crop-flea-bitten, give you the marks of the beast. I begin with his head, which is ever in the Clouts, as if the night-cap should make affidavit, that the brain was pregnant. To what purpose doth the *Pia Mater* lie in so duly, in her white formalities? sure she hath hard labour; for the brows have squeezed for it, as you may perceive by his buttered bonegrace, that filar of a demicafter, it is so thin and unctious, that the sun-beams mistake it for a vapour, and are like to cape him; so it is right *Heliotrope*, it creaks in the shine, and flaps in the shade, what ever it be; I wish it were able to call in his ears: there is no proportion betwixt that head and appurtenances: those of all Luggs are no more fit for that small Noddle

of the circumcision, than brasse bosses for a *Geneva Bible*. In what a puzzling neutrality is that poor soul that moves betwixt two such ponderous byasses? His collar is wedged with a piece of peeping linnen, by which he means a *bond*; it is the forlorn of his shirt crawling out of his neck, indeed it is time that his shirt were jogging, for it hath served him an Apprentiship, and (as Apprentices use) it hath learned his trade too, to which effect it is marching to the Paper Mill, and the next week sets up for it-self in the shape of a *Pamphlet*. His *Gloves*, are the shavings of his hands, for he casts his skin like a cancelled parchment, though it represents the broken seals. His boots are the Legacies of two black Jacks, and till he pawned the silver that the Jacks were tipped with, it was a pretty mode of boot-hose tops. For the rest of his habit he is a perfect Seaman a kind of Interpawlin, he being hanged about with his course composition these Poledavies papers.

But I must draw to an end, for every Character is an Anatomy-Lecture, and it fares with me in this of the *Diurnal-maker*, as with him that reads on a begged Malefactor; my subject smells before I have gone half thorow him: for a parting blow then, the word *Historian* imports a sage and solemn Author, one that curls his brow with a sullen gravity, like a Bull necked Presbyter, since the army hath got off his jurisdiction

risdiction; who Presbyter like sweeps his breast  
 with a reverend beard, full of native mosse-  
 troopers. Not such a squirting scribe as this  
 that is troubled with the Rickets, and makes  
 penny worths of History. The Colledge-Trea-  
 sury, that never had in bank above a *Harry*  
 groat, shut up there in a melancholly solitude,  
 like one that is kept to keep possession, had as  
 good evidence to shew for his title, as he for  
 an Historian: so if he needs will be an Histo-  
 rian, he is not cited in the *Sterling* acception; but  
 after the rate of blew caps reckoning an Histo-  
 rian Scot. Now a Scotchmans tongue runs high  
*Fullames*, there is a cheat in his Ideom; for the  
 sence ebbs from the bold expression, like the  
*Citizens Gallon*, which the Drawer interprets but  
 half a pint. In summe, a *Diurnal-maker* is the  
 anti-mark of an Historian, he differs from him  
 as a Drill from a man (or if you had rather  
 have it in the Saints gibberish) as a *Hinter* doth  
 from a *Holder forth*.

*FINIS.*

# CLEAVELANDS PETITION

TO

*Oliver Cromwell,*

Late P R O T E C T O R,

*May it please your Highness,*

**R**ulers within the Circle of their Govern<sup>ment</sup> have a claim to that which is said of the Deity, *They have their Center every where, and their Circumference no where.* It is in this confidence, that I address to your Highness, as knowing no place in the Nation is so remote, as not to share in the ubiquity of your care; no Prison so close, as to shut me up from partaking of your influence. My Lord, it is my misfortune, that after ten years of retirement from being engaged in the difference of the State, having wound my self up in a private recess, and my comportment to the publick, being so inoffensive, that in all this time, neither fears nor jealousies have scrupled at my  
Actions

**Actions :** Being about three months since at *Norwich*, I was fetched with a Guard before the Commissioners, and sent Prisoner to *Tar-mouth*, and if it be not a new offence to make inquiry where I offended (for hitherto my faults are kept as close as my person,) I am induced to believe, that next to the adherence to the Royal party, the cause of my confinement is the narrowness of my estate; *for none stand committed whose estate can bale them;* I onely am the Prisoner, who have noe Acres to be my hostage. Now if my poverty be criminal (with Reverence be it spoken,) I must implead your *Highness*, whose victorious Arms have reduced me to it, as accessary to my guilt. Let it suffice my Lord, that the calamity of the War hath made us poor; do not punish us for it! *who ever did penance for being ravished?* Is it not enough that we are stript so bare, but it must be made in order to a severe lash? must our skars be engraven with new wounds? must we first be made Criples, then beaten with our own Crutches? Poverty! if it be a fault it is its own punishment; who suffers for it more, pays Use upon use. I beseech your *Highness* put some bounds to our overthrow, and do not pursue the chase to the other world: Can your thunder be levelled so low as our grovelling Conditions? Can that towering Spirit, that hath quarried upon Kingdomes, make a sloop of us, who are the rubbish of those ruins?

Methinks!

Methinks ! I hear your former Achievements  
 interceeding with you not to sully your glories  
 with trampling on the prostrate, nor clog the  
 wheels of your Carriot, with so degenerate a tri-  
 umph. The most renowned *Heroes* have ever  
 with such tenderness cherished their *Captives*,  
 that their Swords did but cut out work for their  
 courtesies: Those that fell by their prowess sprung  
 up by their favours, as if they had struck them  
 down, onely to make them rebound the Higher.  
 I hope your Highness, as you are the Rival of  
 their fame; will be no less of their vertues; the  
 noblest Trophy, that you can erect to your Ho-  
 nour is to raise the afflicted. And since you  
 have subdued all opposition, it now remains  
 that you attach your self, and with acts of mild-  
 nesses vanquish your victory. It is not long since  
*My Lord*, that you knocked of the shackles from  
 most of our party, and by a grand release did  
 spread your clemency as large as your territo-  
 ries. Let not new proscriptions interrupt our  
 Jubilee. Let not that your lenity be slandered  
 as the Ambush of your further rigour. For the  
 service of his *Majesty* ( if it be objected ) I am  
 so far from excusing it, that I am ready to al-  
 ledge it in my vindication: I cannot conceive  
 fidelity to my Prince should taint me in your  
 opinion; I should rather expect it should recom-  
 mend me to your favour; had not we been  
 faithful to our *King*, we could not have given

our selves to be so to your Highness ; you had then trusted us *gratis*, whereas now we have our former Loyalty to vouch us. You see, my Lord, how much I presume upon the greatness of your Spirit, that dare prevent my Indictment with so franke a Confession, especially in this, which I may so justly deny, that it is almost arrogancy in me to own it ; for the truth is, I was not Qualified enough to serve him ; all that I could do, was to bear a part in his sufferings, and give my self up to be cherished with his fall ; thus my charge is double (my obedience to my Sovereign, and what is the result of that, my want of a fortune ; ) Now what ever reflections I have on the former ; I am a true penitent for the latter ; My Lord you see my crimes ! As to my defence you bear it about you ! I shal plead nothing in my justification, but your *Highness* Clemency, which as it is the constant inmate of a valiant breast ( if you graciously please to extend it to your Supplicant in taking me out of this withering du-  
rance ) your *Highness* will find that mercy will establish you more than power ; though all the dayes of your life were as pregnant with victories, as your twice auspicious third of *September*.

Your Highness humble, and  
*submissive* Petitioner.

J. C.  
 Cleave-

# CLEAVELANDS LETTER

To The Earl of

WESTMORLAND.

*My Lord,*

**I**T were high presumption in me not to be proud of this occasion ; and I should be no less then a rebel to eloquence , if the lines you sent me had not raised me above my ordinary Level : So that to express my gratitude I must renounce my humility , and purchase one virtue at the price of another. And well may my modesty suffer in the service , when my reason it self is overwhelm'd with the favor : To see a person of your Lord ships eminency possess of nobility by a double Tenure , both of birth and brain , so to bend his greatness , as to stoop

to me , ( who live in the vale both of parts and fortune ) is so high an honour , that who justly considers it , if he be not stupidly senseless , will be senseless with extasie. I for my part am lost in amazements ; and it is my interest to be so : for not knowing otherwise , how to give your present a fit reception , it is the best of my play to be besides my self in the action. You see ( my Lord ) how I empty my self of my native faculty , to be ready for those of your inspirings , as the prophets of old in a sacred fury ran out of their wits to make room for the Deity. I shall not need hereafter to digest my conceptions , I shall speak by instinct : for when you designed to visit me with your lofty Numbers , what was it else but to make me the Priest of your Lordships Oracle ? such is the strength and spirits of your fancy , that me thought your Poems ( like the richest wine ) sent forth a steam at the opening. What flowed from your brain , fumed into mine : It was almost impossible to read your lines , and be sober. You, you, ( My Lord ) are the favourite of the Muses , your strain is so happy , and hath the reputation for so matchless , as if you had a double key to the Temple of honour : to let in your self and exclude competitors. It is you ( My Lord ) have cut

the clouds, and reacht perfection: who having mounted the cliffe, lends an hand to me, who am labouring in the craggy ascent; so towering are the praises you please to bestow on me, and my deserts so groveling, that to shew you my head is unworthy your hight, it is not able to bear stem, it growes giddy with the precipice: it pains me to be on the last of an Hyperbole; you doe but crucifie my tender merits to distend it thus at length and breadth. Consider, I pray you, that the leanest endowments would be plump and full thus blown up with a quill: and that there are some so dwarfish, whom the rack will not stretch to a proper man. It is an excellent breathing for a puissant wit, to overbear the world in defence of a paradox: and a good Advocate will weather out a cause, when there is neither truth nor tackle to assist his invention. I perswade my self you had never undertaken to have writ my Panegyrick, but that you saw it was to combat with the tide, and to put your abilities to the utmost test in so unlikely a subject. Little do you think what store of opposers your opinion will breed you, for though you be so powerfull in the art of perswasion, that should you turn Apostate, there would need no more but to towl the bell for Religion:

Yet this is an Heresie where you stand alone; and like *scava* in the breach, with your single valour duel an Army.

Now, My Lord, if I be not mistaken, I have found the motive that induced you to oblige me; you are tied by your Order to give protection to the weak and succorless: so I must change mine addressees and thank your red Ribband for my commendations. Such and so many are the flowers of Rhetorick you have heap'd upon me, that I run the hazard of that *Olimpick* Victor, who was stifled with Posies cast upon him in approbation of his worth: which fragrant fate, If I should sustain, what is there more to make me enamoured of Death, but that the same flowers should strew my Corps in a Funeral Oration. Could you think ( My Lord ) that the suppressing your name was able to conceal you, when it is easie to wind you by your phrase? The sweetness of the language discovered the Author: like that *Roman* Senator, who hiding himself in time of proscription, his perfumes betraid him. But I shall not arrest your lordship so far with a further interruption. My Lord, you have enabled me with your testimony and I shall keep your paper as the Patent of mine Honour. Yet give me leave to tell you; that among all these epithet

epithets you pile so artificially to build me a fame, there is one wanting to accomplish my ambition, and which I beseech your Lordship I may enjoy for the future; that is, to be esteemed.

*SIR,*

*Your Honours, &c.*

*John Cleaveland.*

*A Sigh.*

**F**Ly thou pretty : Et ye part  
 To the *Mistress* of my heart ?  
 Shew her how the tedious night  
 Sadly wasts without delight,  
 How my waking soul divides  
 The silent day twixt ebbs and tides

Of hope and fear ; How *Love* in me  
 Knows no measure or degree  
 Tell her all my feigned dreams  
 Of her injoyment, which in gleams  
 Of wished bliis I seem to see,  
 But waking prov'd a fallacy :

Contriv'd by death to Kill a Swain  
 More than half ready slain  
 Tell her all my secret fears,  
 What a length's in seven years :  
 And that my grief well understood,  
 Is worse by far than Widow-hood ?

How to see and not pertake  
 Is but dying for her sake,  
 Tell her more than I dare say,  
~~But~~ can think as well as they  
 That feel the freedome of that heat  
 Which I in contemplation bear.

And

And let her know *love* more delights  
 In action than in appetites,  
 Tell her burial and a wife  
 Untouched, are both things without life;  
 And that to many heats and cold  
 Will make the best complexion old.

And when poor beauty's past its prime  
 The rest is but a sleeping time.  
 Tell her all those heights and graces,  
 Which are built in female faces,  
 Like the *Orbs* without their motions  
 Are but glorious pitied notions.

And in short without deceit  
*Love* cannot for ever wait,  
 Pray her, pray her quickly yield,  
*Venus* joy's to lose the field,  
 And in fetter'd twines to lie,  
 Working through love's *Mysterie*.

Wherein thousand winding wayes;  
 She can twist the lovers maze.  
 Where with pleasing less and pain  
 Ladies clip and part again,  
 Mixing flesh with flames half gone,  
 Joyes first felt, then thought upon.

Tell her if she this deny,  
*Love* only fed with air must dy.

Ask her whether groans and charms  
 Mid-night walks and folded arms  
 Be all she meant when first she flew  
 Me silly heart at second view !

And if a life be spent in woeing,  
 Where's the time reserv'd for doing ?  
 Now little sigh, if she at last  
 Chide and check thee with a cast  
 Of angrie looks like one that comes  
 To kindle love in fullen Tombes ?

Return to me my pretty dear,  
 And I will hide thee in a tear.

F I N I S.



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